



THE SKETCH

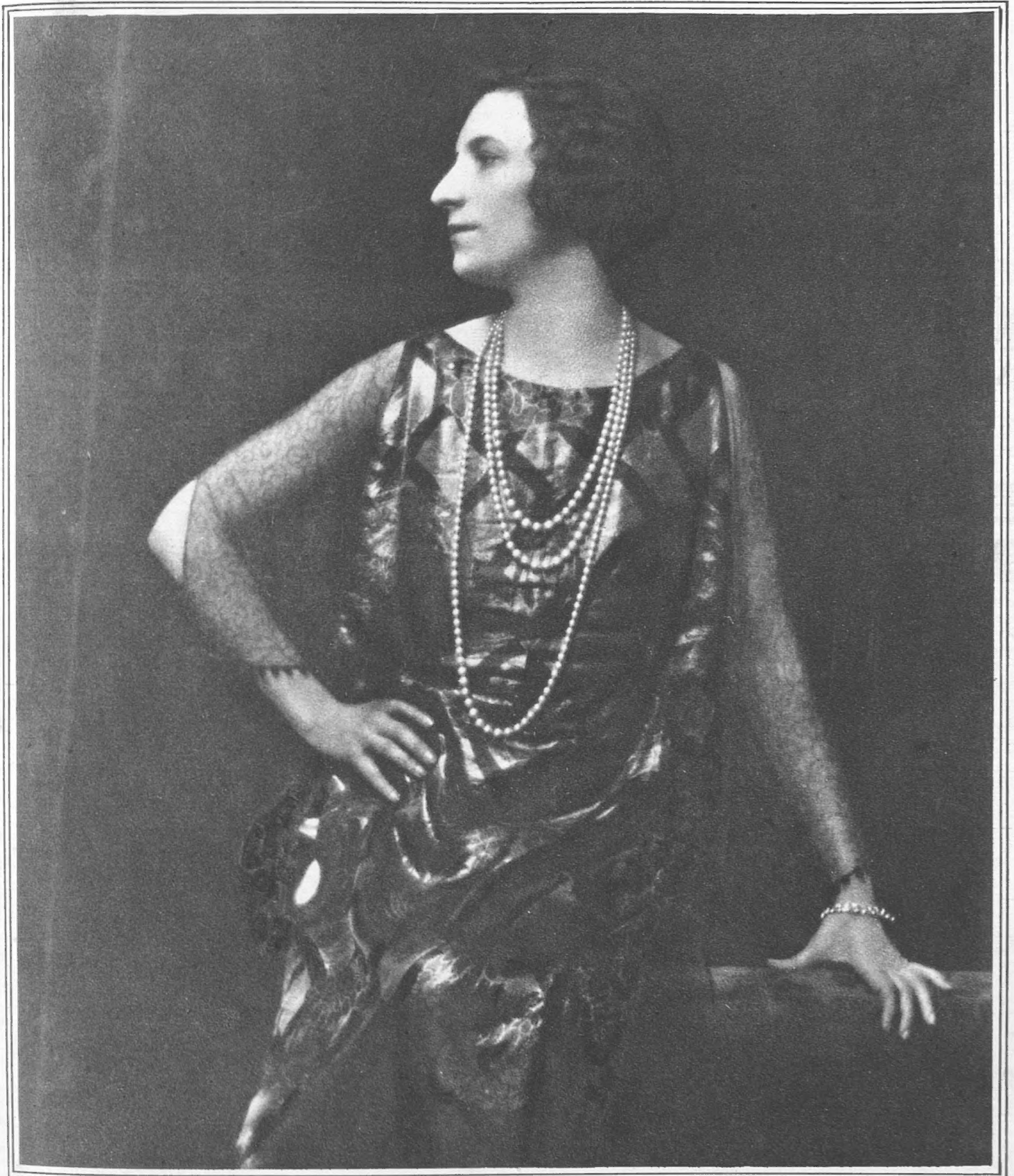


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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



A NEWCOMER WHO HAS WON A BIG SUCCESS BY HER FINE EMOTIONAL ACTING: MISS GILDA VARESI.

Miss Gilda Varesi's performance as Madame Lisa Della Robbia, the temperamental prima-donna heroine of "Enter Madame," at the Royalty, is a triumph. To quote the "Times" critic, she "is vibrant, resonant, like a fine violin, and with the fine tones of a violin in her voice."

She plays the tempestuous, hysterical, domineering, and yet fascinating artist with tremendous skill. Miss Varesi is also part-author of the piece with Miss Dolly Byrne, and will be remembered for her clever performance of the Italian Maid in "Romance."

Photograph by Genthe.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Dear Old Admiralty. I am sorry that it should have been necessary—or thought necessary—to bother the Admiralty about money. The Admiralty is not used to being bothered. It is a quiet institution, very dignified, very important, in excellent taste. It hies itself away from the multitude, never asking for admiration, never striving to collect a crowd. Millions of Londoners have no idea where to look for it.

The Admiralty officials differ quite noticeably from other officials in Government offices. There is not much difficulty about getting in to the Admiralty, and none at all in getting out of it. If you want to see a person in authority, you write his name in a book, and your name in the same book, and away you go, with or without a messenger, as the case may be. When you reach the room to which you have been directed you knock at the door—or not, as the case may be—and walk in, and three or four people look up and stare at you, and you name your man and he says, "Well?" (Or "Yes," as the case may be.)

That is all so different from—other Government offices. The breadth and generosity of the sea pervades the Admiralty. Sir Eric Geddes and his Committee, I fear, have not much sentiment. It seems almost sacrilegious to talk to the Admiralty about mere money.

Lost in the Admiralty. I once had the Admiralty all to myself for a couple of hours. It was during the war. All the rooms were deserted, for the time was Sunday afternoon. All the doors were unlocked. In the chief offices desks were littered with plans of the utmost importance. Luckily, I was not a spy in the employ of the enemy. I was an A.B. in the Anti-Aircraft section of the R.N.A.S.

Still, it was a thrilling thing to have the Admiralty, the British Admiralty, all to oneself for two hours. And in the midst of the greatest war in the history of the world. I'll tell you how it happened. A message came through to our room, which room was at the very top of the Admiralty Arch. I was instructed by the C.P.O. in charge of my "gang" to deliver the message in person. "Go across to the old building," he said, "and they will direct you to that number—the number of the room."

Perfectly obedient, as ever, I went. I consulted the policeman on duty. He consulted a colleague. They decided to let me through. Into the old building I wandered, vastly interested, but quite unable to find any door beafing the number I wanted. Well, I didn't hurry. Why should I? Such an opportunity was not likely to occur again. I particularly admired Mr. Balfour's room, with a huge desk in splendid disorder—with charts on. Where else I went I know not. I have an indistinct recollection of finding myself, with two or three excited policemen to assist, in a room in the basement where the boiler was kept. I forget how or why we went there. The message must have been getting very cold; not that it was really

"Two hours! Two hours to find a room in the old building! Did you search the new building?"

I told him I had searched everything, including the boiler. And presently somebody discovered that the number on the message was not the number on any door of any room at all. It was merely the telephone number. So we rang it up—and got no answer, of course.

Our Latest Liner.

The *Splendorific* appears to be a well-found sort of ship. The ozone apparatus, for example, provides ozonised air for all the rooms. This is a tremendous improvement on the old-fashioned plan of opening the port-hole.

Seventeen men can stand upright in each of the funnels. For the maiden voyage, I hear, all these funnel-berths have been booked by English dramatic authors hairing* to America.

One of the first-class suite-rooms closely resembles a luxurious library in a country mansion. No expense has been spared to secure ten thousand volumes, bound in full leather, warranted never opened. The room in question is not very lofty, but holes have been made in the roof, so that the occupant can climb up and down a genuine library ladder.

A large wolf-hound will lie for six hours daily on the mat in front of the log-fire. French windows open on to a terrace (painted by Joseph and Phil Harker) which overlooks a rose-garden, orchards, and rolling woods—by the same artists.

The first-class dining-saloon is exactly like the dining-room of a great hotel ashore. An ingenious contrivance has been installed which imitates the noise of trams passing the window. Several real newspaper-boys will be carried to yell, "All the Winners!" at frequent intervals during the cocktail hour.

The windows will be splashed with mud before the great vessel leaves the quay-side, and the sailors have strict injunctions not to interfere with this delicious touch of home from home. Fresh-water fish only will be served in this dining-saloon, and any movement of the vessel will be attributed to liver.

Real waiters, with permanently hollowed palms, have been employed as stewards.

* A slang expression, meaning to hasten at great speed.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: SIR NEVILLE PEARSON, BT., AND MISS MARY MOND, DAUGHTER OF SIR ALFRED MOND.

The engagement of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., only son of the late Sir C. Arthur Pearson, the blind Baronet, and founder of St. Dunstan's, to Miss Mary Mond, second daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, the Minister for Health, was announced last week. The bride-elect is a very clever girl, and when at Lady Margaret College, Oxford, was elected President of the Women's Branch of the Oxford New Reform Club. She is in her twenty-first year, and her fiancé is twenty-four years old. He is a Director of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and was at Eton.—[Photographs by Bassano and Lafayette.]

important. Something to do with a horse, I fancy.

At long last I returned to my C.P.O., who was playing some kind of game where you put a shilling in a hat and never saw it afterwards. I often played it when things were slack in the raid business. I forget who had the shillings. We were a well-assorted party.

Forcing myself on the unwilling attention of the C.P.O., I pointed out that I had come back with the undelivered message.

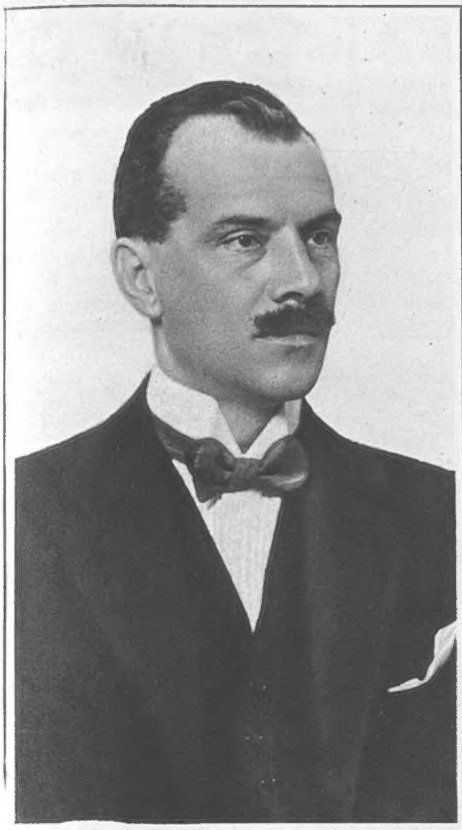
"Why?" he demanded, one eye on the hat. (Two would have helped him much better.)

"There's no such room," said I.

"Oh, rot! Let's look! How long have you been away?"

"About two hours."

Financial Sensations: The City Equitable and Ellis'.



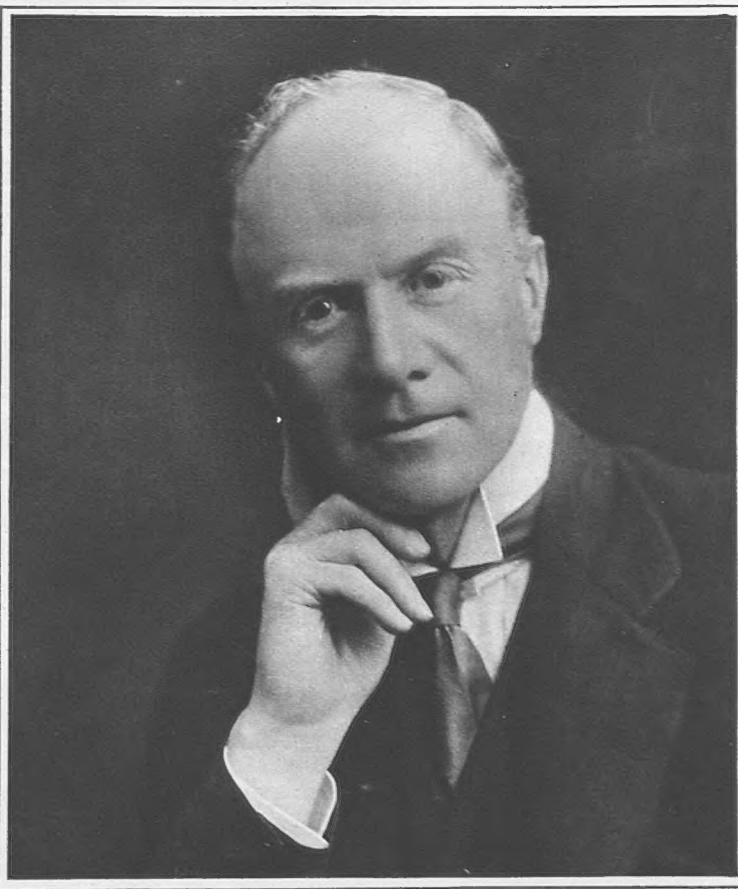
A PARTNER IN THE FIRM OF ELLIS AND CO.:
THE HON. R. A. FELLOWES.



FORMERLY PRINCESSE JEAN DE BROGLIE: THE HON. MRS.
R. A. FELLOWES.



A COUSIN OF MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:
MRS. G. L. BEVAN.



CHAIRMAN OF THE CITY EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
AND SENIOR PARTNER OF ELLIS AND CO: MR. GERARD LEE BEVAN.

On Feb. 14 Mr. Justice P. O. Lawrence made a compulsory winding-up order against the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, on the petition of the Company. A good deal of interest was aroused by the news that Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan, the Chairman of the Company, had gone abroad. As a sequel to this, it was announced on Feb. 16 that Messrs. Ellis and Co., of 1, Cornhill, one of the oldest firms of stockbrokers in the City, had filed a petition in bankruptcy. The partners are: Mr. Gerard

Lee Bevan (senior partner); and Mr. Harold Hollocombe Gordon, Mr. Neville Forth O'Brien, Mr. Frederick Edward Owen Tootal, the Hon. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes, Mr. Donald Johnson Pirie, for whom a good deal of sympathy is expressed. Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan is a son of Mr. Francis L. Bevan, a former Chairman of Barclay's Bank. He married a cousin of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The Hon. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes is the only surviving son of Lord de Ramsay. He married Princesse Jean de Broglie.

Photographs by Seaine, Bertram Park, Elliott and Fry, and Bassano.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

A Journey. Cannes again, after the most wonderful trip half round Europe! Even the Channel crossing was a joy for once. A perfectly blue sky, a till sea, and my newest tailor-made all that it should be—in fact, no one on the boat

silence of the white world, the sharp black shapes of the trees in the valleys, the sleigh-bells, and the ski-horses, and the home-coming tobogganers, and the coloured woollies and the laughter—these assured me I had really arrived in heaven.

St. Moritz has not changed since the old pre-war days—not one atom. The drive between Pontresina and Celerina remains a whirl of silent ecstasy, with nothing but bells—sleigh-bells—to break the stillness.

Church Leap, on the Cresta, remains the dangerous thing it ever was; and Battledore and Shuttlecock are more so. The glacier at Morteratsch is more than ever marvellous. The darling St. Bernard dogs—dozens of them—are still there. And the little wooden hut where you lunch, and the old bearded man who makes you drink beer, and the lovely winding track to Silvester, and the frozen lake with the skaters, and the little lake in Badrutt Park where the bandy-players still roll about, and the smallest lake of all where the old young men from Scotland seem to be curling from morning till night, and Hanselmann's, where you get the chocolate so stiff that your spoon stands alone. . . . Oh, and the same multitudinous stars, infinitely nearer than English stars—almost you can catch them! The same fancy-dress dances at the same old Külm. The same wonderful blue trout (lake trout with little wings) for dinner at the Grand, where it is cooked under your very nose. The waiters (no longer German waiters) wheel the great dishfuls up to your

table while the spirit-fires are still making them dance in butter; and even if they were five pounds each (and they are almost!) you would have to say "Yes." They smell better than any food on earth—unless it is the fat asparagus boiled in cream that you get at the Monte Carlo restaurants.

But, alas! nothing else seems the same at St. Moritz! The people, I mean. All my skating and ski-ing and ski-joring friends were killed in the war. Memories made me so miserable that I did not stay more than a very few days. It is extraordinary how, when you least expect it, memories come racing back as though familiar places remained for ever dear only to the first people to show them to you. If you would be happy with new loves, you must never, never take them to old haunts.

The Curzon Cup.

But, to be more cheerful, the Curzon Cup Auction Sweepstakes caused a certain amount of excitement. Colonel Ivan Moore-Brabazon was the favourite tobogganer and did the best aggregate—which means that he went down the Cresta in the smallest number of seconds. If you have never seen these races, it is very puzzling to know how the timing is done. As the tobogganer starts at the top he sets in motion a clockwork, and as he goes over the end of the finish he breaks a thread that is connected with it, by which the utmost accuracy is guaranteed—accuracy in timing.

Last week the second favourite was Lord Grimthorpe—a less experienced but exceptionally able rider. In the sweepstakes he was drawn by Lord Wodehouse and sold to Mr. Francis Curzon, the giver of the cup and organiser of the sweepstake. Lord Grimthorpe,

however, was three seconds slower than Mr. Moore-Brabazon, and tied with Mr. Orr-Ewing, the third favourite, for second place.

Across Italy.

But the long sleigh-drive from St. Moritz down to Chiavenna through the Miloya Pass made me forget everything. No Londoner who has not seen it can imagine the joy of this Engadine drive. We started with grey skies and gentle snow falling—just enough to make us welcome the sun when it burst over the eastern mountain-tops. Suddenly all the sky was blue. The clouds fell into the valleys below and floated beneath us; mists of fine rain far, far behind—or what looked like rain. On top of the world we followed the winding road round and round, always descending, the horses' hoofs so rhythmical, the world so dazzling white, the sun so radiant that only the frosty air kept us wide awake.

And at last the earth grew green again. Grass fields and orchards in bud, and our sleigh was put on wheels, and the long, slushy road grew gradually dusty, and the cypress-trees spoke of Italy; and soon there was a railway station and a smoky train. All too soon we were in it and speeding noisily away towards Milan. But before there was time for regrets we were on the very brink of Lake Como. Not just for a glimpse, but for an hour or more, riding through the loveliest of evenings, with the sun setting in a great conflagration of glory. Then, after some monotonous, flat, waterless country, Milan at last.

1. Angela is very much occupied at the moment thinking out plans for "Brightening London." She is wearing what she considers a simple shopping costume under the new régime—and is busy designing dresses for all occasions.

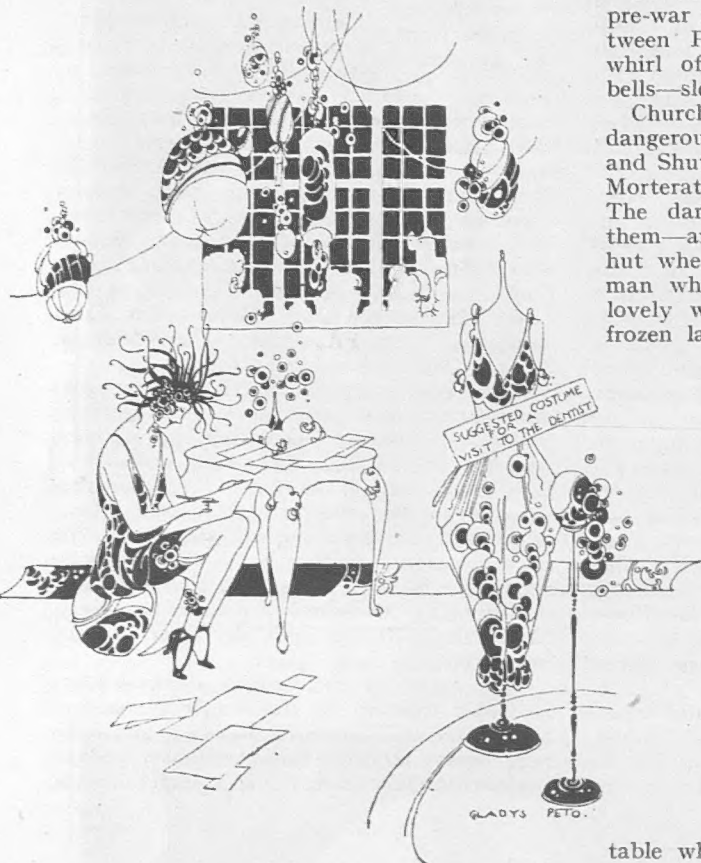
looked nicer. Wasn't that enough to put one in the best of moods?

Surely something has happened to the railroad that used to make us all so train-sick on the way to Paris. Positively it is as smooth as—what is there to liken it to? But it doesn't matter. We were able to have a sumptuous lunch in the train. And the moments in Paris were just enough to make us resolve to stay there for at least a month on the way home, when all the Riviera villa people are back, and the fashions are fixed, and before our bankers have found out how much overdrawn we shall be by the time all the cheques have come in from St. Moritz and Milan and Cannes. Which somehow sounds like bad grammar, but is good sense (if shocking finance) and excellent geography.

And to begin at the beginning. From the Simplon Tunnel on it was just one long "Oh!"

No; I am not going to describe it. It would take up the whole page. Besides, half the fun is the surprising beauty of it all, that far surpasses any vocabulary even of the guide-books. I first saw Switzerland by moonlight—a full moon—as the train raced through ravines, over rivers, under arches and snow-capped Alps. I gazed as the moon faded and dawn spread like a rosy dream, and gradually the sun gilded the snow and the sky grew blue and it was breakfast time.

Ragatz, a little lower than St. Moritz, was "Paradise enow," but the sight of the beloved and familiar mountain faces, the



2. Much, she is sure, might be done in the Park by introducing some curious birds and some tropical trees. The above dresses are for week-day wear—Angela feels she must evolve something more restrained for Church parade.

And a feast of music at the Scala, and the next day the cathedral and Leonardo da Vinci, and—in case you think I am never going to

stop—the next day quite the most exciting adventure of my life.

On the Italo-French Frontier.

On leaving Milan at 10 p.m. the concierge of our hotel—an imposing nobleman with the manners of all the "Almanach de Gotha"—told us to tip the guard, give him the keys of our big luggage,

arrival at Cannes. . . . It happened mercifully at 3 p.m., when no one was at the station. And I crept into a taxi and sneaked up the back way to my hotel, and here I am. And a certain young man is still hovering round the front entrance with a bewildered expression. I can see him from my window—but I won't let him see me till I have found some stockings.

Lawn-Tennis Again.

The international lawn-tennis tournament for the Carlton Cup opened on Monday. And Mlle. Lenglen will face Miss Ryan again, I suppose, in the finals with monotonous lack of more original conclusion. Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. O'Neil are all here; Mr. Beamish has become a professional; Jack Hilliard is still playing very well; Lord Rocksavage has much improved; and now people are all busy booking partners for the Beaulieu and Monte Carlo tournaments. The Beaulieu and Cap Ferrat villas are all very gay with house-parties coming and going backwards and forwards; so many friends of Princess Mary and of Lord Lascelles hurrying home for the wedding.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll motored over from Cap Ferrat the other day with Lady Waterlow, to lunch with Miss Paget at the Villa Garibaldi. Later in the afternoon her Royal Highness visited Mr. Taylor, who for very many years was British Vice-Consul at Cannes.

The cart-horse parade organised by Lady Yule at Cannes, which was postponed on account of the

excellence in pomp and splendour anything he has yet encountered since his arrival in India.

I like the pretty feature of the Prince's review of the State troops—the marching past in the ranks of the Gwalior Infantry of Mary, the Maharajah Scindia's little daughter, with her brother George, both dressed in khaki, and giving the "Eyes right!" smartly with the best of them! As the little girl is only eight years old, and her brother six, I am sure the Prince was much delighted!

News from London.

Now that I am here, everyone else seems to be having the gayest of times in London. A letter this morning tells of a most cheery evening at the Embassy Club: Lady Crewe, just back from America, wearing a beautiful black-and-white Spanish shawl; Lady Wimborne, all in black, looking charming; Lady Ancaster, in royal blue; Mrs. Dudley Ward, in white and Chinese blue; Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton, in black lace; Lord and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, the Lionel Tennysons, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Alington, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lady Victoria Bullock, and a number of others.

And I met a diplomatist from Rome who said that the diplomatic world was delighted that Lady Curzon of Kedleston had just been awarded the G.B.E. Her tact and *savoir faire* have helped many an uncomfortable situation in the world of high politics. But, of course, the honour was bestowed on her for organisation work at home—charity balls and concerts that have been the means of raising many thousands of pounds for Queen Alexandra's Nurses and for other worthy institutions.

Very naturally, I hear also, Princess Mary is deeply touched by the kindly thought of those who are showering wedding gifts upon her. Surely no other bride can have received presents in such variety! In a single day the



3. Piccadilly Circus, Angela thinks, shows great possibilities. One might, for instance, bathe in the fountain, which the L.C.C. would obligingly decorate with flowers. And policemen dressed as Roman soldiers would look very fine!

and he would see it through the *douane* at Ventimiglia, where we were due at about day-break. In our tired state we were only too ready to do this. So we took off all our clothes, put on dainty nighties and warm dressing-gowns, pulled on lace night-caps, and curled up in our little hard beds and went to sleep. At about six a.m. there was a loud rapping at my door, followed by the scowling face of quite a new guard.

"Vite, M'selle!" he yelled. "Vous n'avez que cinq minutes pour réclamer votre bagage!" Out I jumped, still half-asleep. Seizing a fur coat in one hand and little satin bedroom slippers in another, I ran down and proceeded to disentangle our luggage from the vast quantities at the far end of a long, shed-like custom-house. When it was all re-registered, shivering with cold, but complacent with the prospect of curling up in bed again and sleeping till we reached Cannes at noon, I turned and ran back to where I had left the train. But there was no train! I saw the tail carriage as it turned swiftly and, with a farewell whistle, disappeared round a great heap of boulders! In it were my clothes, my hat, my money, my passport, my shoes, my stockings, my thermos flask, my dressing-case, and—my sleeping mother.

Yelling in three languages did no good. The station-master only yelled back and looked down at my bare toes. Tears were a relief, but not a solution. I was not even certain whether I was in France or in Italy. Frontiers are no-man's land—and certainly no woman's—especially if you have bare legs and no money, and your hair is all tousled, and you know the astonished porters are certain you must have stolen that fur coat. It is so absurdly out of the picture. . . . Everything is out of the picture, and this is your first day on the Riviera.

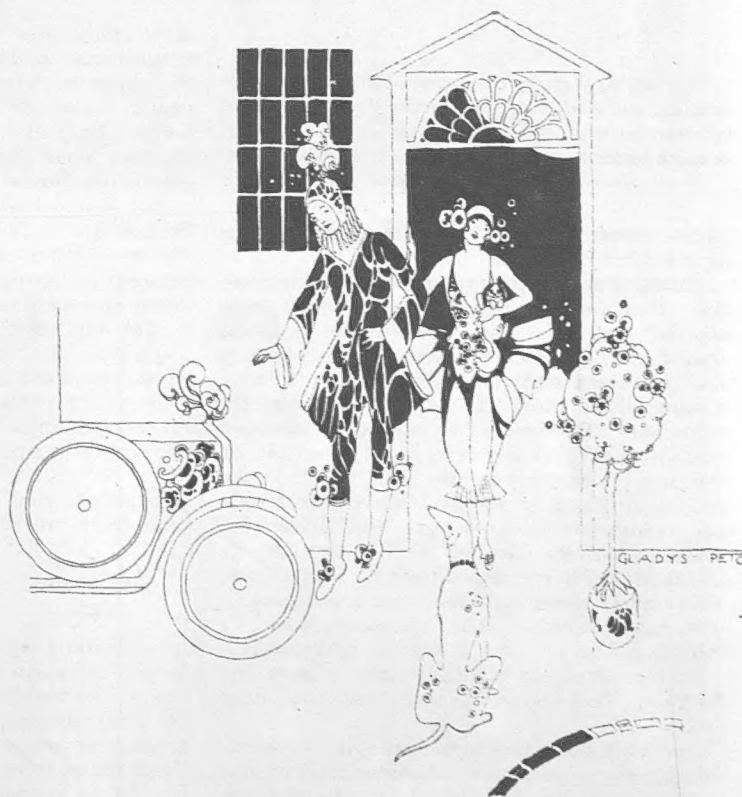
If I go on there will be no room for the news of the week. Best draw a veil over my

which was postponed on account of the races, took place at last at La Bocca, and proved very interesting and a welcome change from everlasting tennis, of which the spectators, at any rate, get rather tired.

Much excitement was caused in a hotel at Nice when a certain well-known lady discovered that her dressing-case had been skilfully opened and several valuable jewels taken—a *contretemps* that not even the blue skies and sea can altogether atone for; and as the temperature lately has been 58 degrees in the shade we have no quarrel with the weather.

Home for the Wedding.

A friend of mine saw Prince George at Marseilles the other day. He had just arrived on board the destroyer *Bryony*, and left almost immediately for Paris en route for London. His Royal Highness was in great good looks, brown and healthy-looking, and grown taller. It makes one wish the Prince of Wales were also going to be at home for the wedding—which reminds me that when his Royal Highness entered Gwalior on Wednesday morning, the procession far

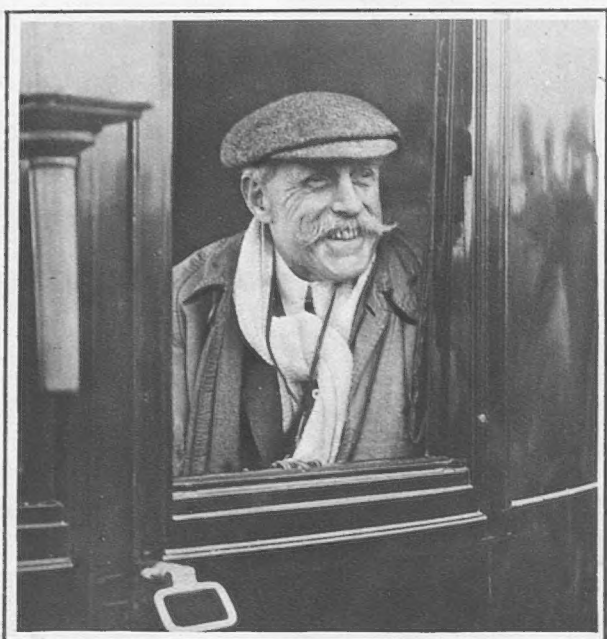


4. This is Algy starting off for his daily task of Brightening the City. Angela (in a little house-gown) speeds him on his sparkling way. But he feels that all her efforts are dust, ashes, and Dead Sea fruit.—Closing Time Remains the Same!

papers recorded a rosewater dish; a silver statuette of Henry VI., the founder of Eton College; Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's portrait of Lord Lascelles—and a football!

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

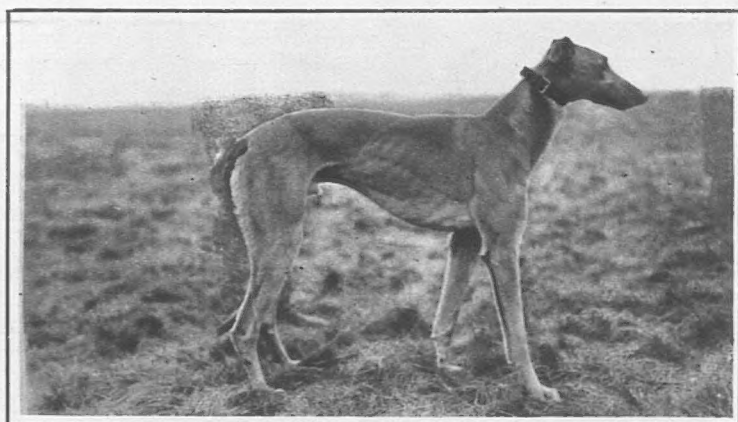
THE GREAT COURSING MEETING AT ALT



WATCHING THE COURSING FROM HIS CAB: SIR GEORGE NOBLE, THE OWNER OF NEBULOUS NIKE.



EAGER SPECTATORS: CAPTAIN D. RITCHIE, MISS MUMFORD, MRS. NEWALL, MR. L. B. MISS RIDLEY, MRS. MOULRAY ANDERSON, AND MAJOR W. W. HOLLAND (L. TO



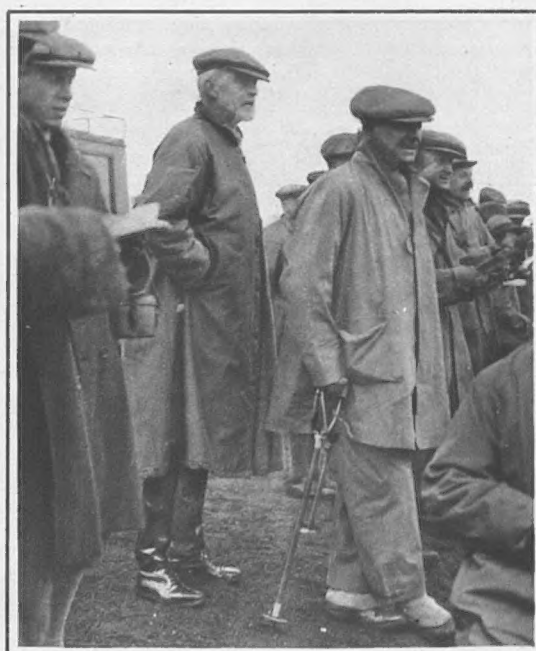
THE RUNNER-UP: MR. H. CHARLES' BEADED BOB.



A SEMI-FINALIST: MR. W. BANKS' WOON.



HOLDING SIR D. GOOCH'S DRY GOODS: MRS. BERT HOYLE AND MISS LAMBERT.



THE OWNERS OF TRICKY LASS AND GUARDS BRIGADE: THE DUKE OF LEEDS AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH.



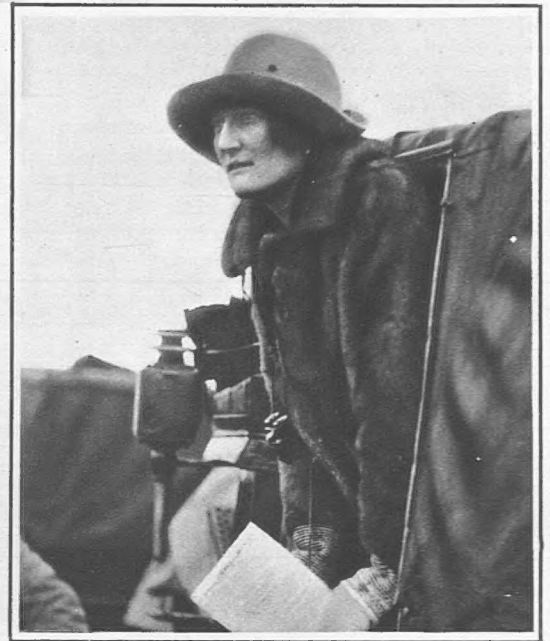
LADY ENTHUSIASTS: MISS W.

The Waterloo Cup Meeting was held in unpleasant weather last week, and though the attendance was large, it fell below previous Altcar r. Our pages show some well-known owners and coursing enthusiasts. One of the surprises of the meeting was the defeat of Lord Moly Muffle in the Second Ties by Mr. Harrop's Harland, who was, however, defeated by Lord Tweedmouth's Guards Brigade in the Third

GUARDS BRIGADE WINS THE WATERLOO CUP.



ADMIRING LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S GUARDS BRIGADE: SIR WOODMAN AND LADY BURBIDGE AND TWO OF THEIR DAUGHTERS.



WATCHING THE SPORT FROM HER CAB: MRS. LIEBERT.



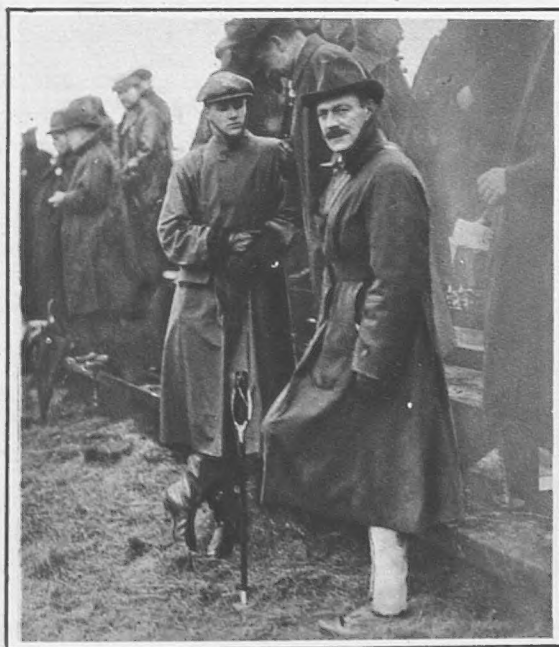
THE WINNER: LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S GUARDS BRIGADE.



A SEMI-FINALIST: MR. THOMAS HARTE'S THREE SPEED.



THE VENDOR, AND THE MISSES DENNIS.



A FATHER AND SON WHO BOTH COMPETED: THE EARL OF SEFTON AND LORD MOLYNEUX.



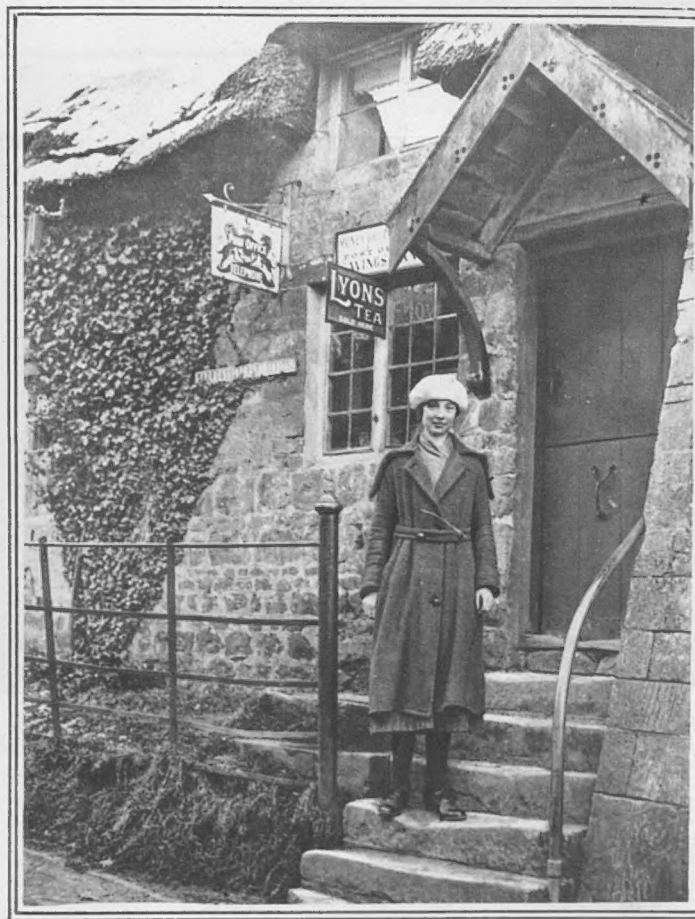
THE AFTER-LUNCH CIGARETTE: MRS. ARMSTRONG (LEFT) AND MRS. FELLOWES.

Woon, Beaded Bob, Three Speed, and Guards Brigade were the semi-finalists. The Decider was won by Guards Brigade, which beat Beaded Bob, the favorite of Woon in the semi-finals. Nebulous Nike was beaten in the first round of the Waterloo Purse; and Dry Goods in the Waterloo Plate.—[Photographs by S. and G., I.B., and T.P.A.]

The Great Turf Sensation: The Peel Case.



MR. L. DOW, THE STOCKBROKER WHO TELEPHONED TO MRS. PEEL FROM LONDON TO AVON DASSETT POST OFFICE.



AT AVON DASSETT POST OFFICE: MISS GERTIE COOPER, THE ASSISTANT WHO DISPATCHED THE TELEGRAMS.



CAPTAIN OWEN PEEL; AND MRS. PEEL, FORMERLY MISS VIOLET JARDINE.



MR. WATTS, THE POSTMASTER AT AVON DASSETT, WHO TOOK IN THE TELEGRAMS.

Captain Owen Peel (son of Major and Mrs. Hugh Peel, the owner of Poethlyn) and Mrs. Owen Peel, the only daughter of Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, appeared before Mr. Chester Jones, at Bow Street Police Court, on Wednesday, Feb. 15, to answer a summons charging them with "feloniously with intent to defraud by virtue of certain forged instruments, to wit, telegrams (1) Endeavour to obtain from Herbert Routledge,

turf commission agent, and to cause and procure to be transferred to you, the said Owen Peel, the sum of £31 5s.; (2) Cause and procure to be paid and transferred by Messrs. Ladbroke and Co., turf commission agents, to the said Violet M. F. Peel, the sum of £31 5s." The case was adjourned until Feb. 17, and then re-adjourned until Tuesday, Feb. 21. Needless to say, there is the very greatest interest in it.

Shares !

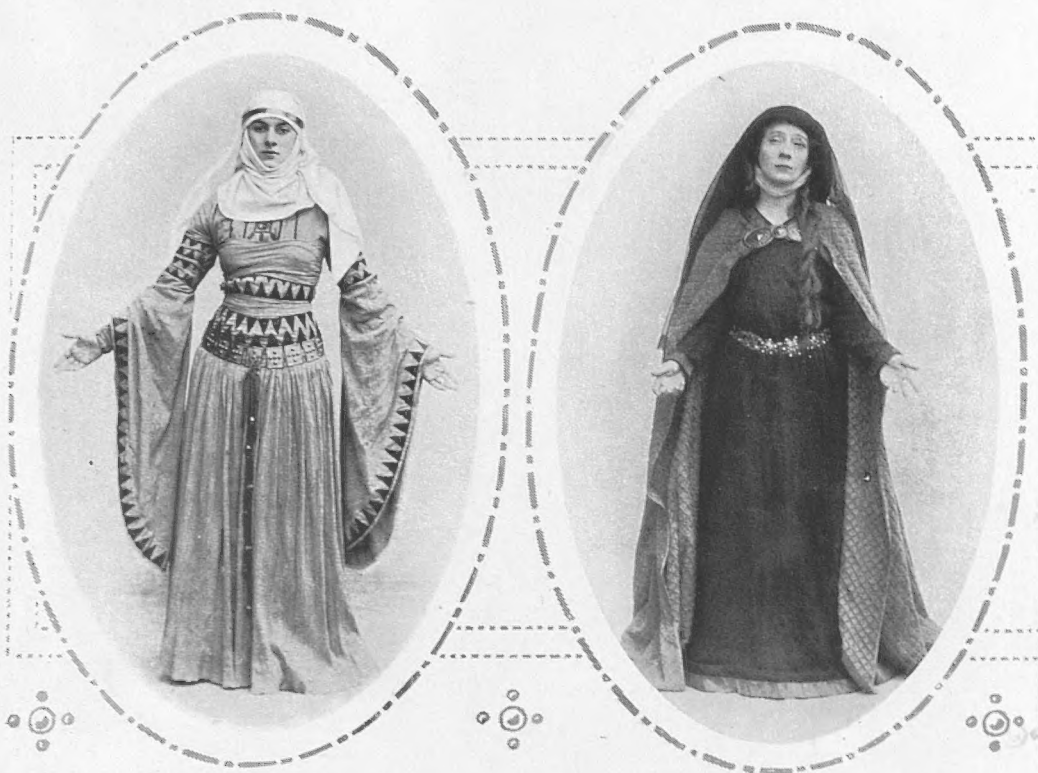


FIRST STOCKBROKER : Hear you dropped a couple of thou. last month — hard luck !

THE SECOND STOCKBROKER : Yes, dammit — and a hundred of it was my own money !

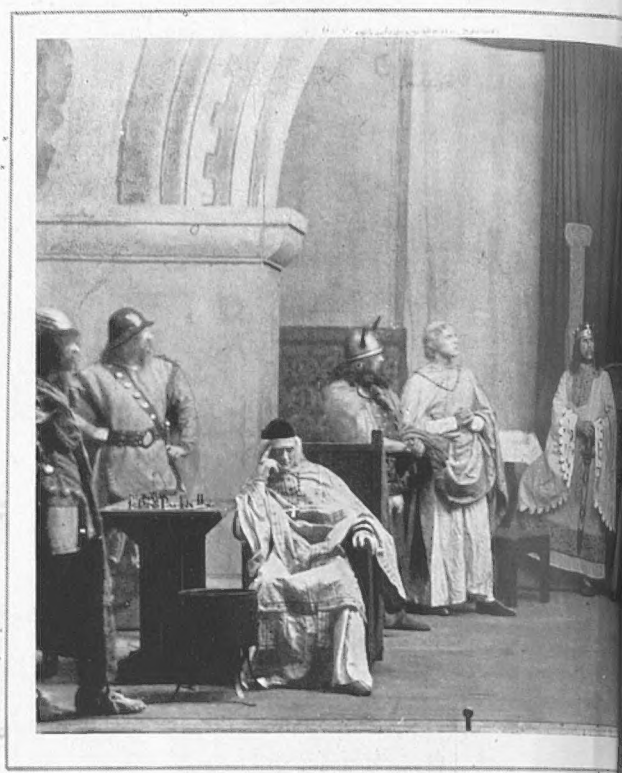
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF IBSEN'S "THE



INGA OF VARTEIG, MOTHER OF HAKON:
MISS BARBARA MORLEY-HORDER.

INGEBORG, THE WIFE OF ANDRES
SKIALDARBAND: MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT.



HIGH WORDS BETWEEN EARL SKULE AND
THE BANQUET HALL



THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS ARNESSON, BISHOP OF OSLO: MR. G. G. EDWARDS,

Ibsen's "The Pretenders" is not an easy play to put on a small stage. Much of its success must depend on the lighting, grouping, and management of the greater scenes, and the O.U.D.S. production of the play was remarkable for the skill which Mr. W. Bridges Adams, the producer, displayed, and for the excellence of Mr. E. S. Smith's work as musical director. Mr. G. G. Edwards' playing of Bishop Nicholas was of outstanding merit; Mr. A. H. Howland, the President, reached great heights as Earl Skule in the concluding scene and in his encounter with

PRETENDERS": A NOTABLE PERFORMANCE.



ING HÁKON HÁKONSSON: THE SCENE IN
OF THE PALACE.



MARGRETE, THE DAUGHTER OF EARL
SKULE: MISS ELIZABETH IRVING.



SIGRID, THE SISTER OF EARL SKULE:
THE HON. MRS. BUCKMASTER.



BEFORE THE CHURCH: THE OUTBURST BETWEEN HÁKON'S MEN AND SKULE'S FOLLOWING.

Ingeborg; and Mr. E. L. Bush gave a good performance as the King. Miss Haidee Wright is an artist of high calibre, and was at her best as Ingeborg; and H. B. Irving's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Irving, gave a beautiful performance as Margrete. The Hon. Mrs. Buckmaster was very fine as the visionary Sigrid; and the whole level of the production was high. The performances took place at the New Theatre, Oxford, and the "run" lasted from the 14th to the 18th. Three matinées were given.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."]

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).
A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMER-SMITH).
Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. L'vat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).
A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).
Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).
The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

CINEMAS.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (ALHAMBRA).
Featuring Norma Talmadge. The film version of the play now being given at the Playhouse.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" (PHILHARMONIC HALL).
Causing much controversy.



MISS MARY PICKFORD IN "THROUGH THE BACK DOOR"; HER LATEST FILM.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

*1. "ENTER MADAME" (ROYALTY).
A comedy. Not particularly good as a play, but notable for brilliant acting, especially by one of the authors, Miss Gilda Varesi, as a temperamental prima-donna.

*2. "MIXED MARRIAGE" (AMBASSADORS).
The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Exceptionally good acting and a very well written play.

3. "JUSTICE" (COURT).
The first of a cycle of revivals of Galsworthy plays. A very good level of acting.
[Continued opposite.]

Continued.]

4. GRAND GUIGNOL LITTLE THEATRE.
An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.

5. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.

6. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).
A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

7. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

8. "BULLDOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).
By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

9. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

10. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

11. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).
An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.

12. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).
The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

13. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).
A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson sang as the Matador hero, with pig-tail.

14. "THE BAR" (ST. JAMES'S).
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.



HOW KNOCKED OUT? MR. DONALD CALTHROP AND MR. EVAN THOMAS IN "MONEY DOESN'T MATTER."



MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MR. GEORGE TULLY IN "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth";

"Money Doesn't Matter"; "Cairo"; and "Me and My Diary," which precedes "Old Jig." The fight in "Money Doesn't Matter," illustrated on our page, ends with a knock-out—most people agree, by a solar-plexus blow, although some think otherwise. None of these "mentions" is paid for. * First mention in our list.

More Trouble in India: The Memsahib on the Wheel.



WHERE RUTH AND TIM MEET AGAIN: THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY IN THE HIMALAYA OF BHUTAN.



THE FINAL PARTING: CAPTAIN LESLIE (TIM) YEULLAT (MR. PHILIP MERIVALE) AND RUTH DANGAN (MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY).

"The Wheel" (at the Apollo) is the story of Ruth Dangan, the Memsahib whose husband commands an Indian regiment. She is in love with Captain Yeullat, but as she means to "run straight," he exchanges into the Ghurkas. Unfortunately, the couple meet again in the Himalaya of Bhutan. The Captain is in command of a small garrison. A frontier rising has to be quelled; and news comes that the relief force has been



"NOTHING IS BARREN . . . ALL THEREIN IS ILLUSION": TSERING LAMA (MR. RANDLE AYRTON) COMFORTS RUTH (MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY).

cut off. The lovers know that they cannot escape death, so decide to snatch at happiness. In the morning, however, the relief force arrives. Mrs. Dangan finds she cannot tell her husband, so the lovers part. The atmosphere of the Buddhist Monastery adds piquancy to the tale, and Ruth presumably gains consolation from the Buddhist priest's dictum that "The Wheel goes on; nothing is barren . . . all therein is illusion."



West End and City Differences.

Nowadays I don't go much into the City—two or three times a year, perhaps—unless I am catching a train at Liverpool Street. That, probably, is why, when I do get up to Throgmorton Avenue, my senses seem sharpened to note the contrast with the West End—the narrow streets and alleys filled with hurrying, bare-headed pedestrians; the absorbed, concentrated look that seems so general. Certainly mankind is faster-footed in the City than in the London that is west of Trafalgar Square. Also one reflects puzzlingly upon that quaint phrase "They grin like dogs, and run about the City." The top-hat is still here, but in ninety per cent. of cases it surmounts the chocolate-coloured uniform of the official. The soft felt hat outnumbers the bowler, and the rain-coat and the Cardigan is as common to see as the smart Chesterfield overcoat.

Unchanged, however, are the superb physique and the magnificent courtesy of the City police; happily, too, one still notes large numbers of tall, well-preserved, grey-haired men, with the colour of English health in their faces.

"Grilling" £350,000.

Round about the Stock Exchange portals in Old Broad Street you are like as not to run into a succession of men you meet regularly o' nights in the restaurants of the West End. I must say, though, that one wealthy jobber I hailed, when in Old Broad Street last week, seemed more pre-occupied than when we supped off grilled oysters and omelette a few evenings before. Even his speaking voice seemed deeper and more solemn in tone.

I was taken to a crowded chop-house in Drapers Gardens, where many stock-brokers go to lunch—the place where a few days ago two directors of a famous firm put pen to a cheque for £350,000, and, there being no room elsewhere, planked the document on the side of the grill in order to write out their names. The difficulty in getting a table, the bustle, the hum of quick-speaking voices made it hard for an outsider to realise that the present note in the City is one of slump and uncertainty.

A New Tyre— and Three Years.

The chop I ate was large and tender, cooked to a turn; the cheese was in perfect condition. There was a quick and eager courtesy about the service that seemed especially characteristic. Not the spacious courtliness of the first-class West-End restaurant, but fully as effectual. And, for once in a way, the talk, thank heaven, was not of the newest play, the latest Society scandal, the chances in the Lincoln. True, one of our party had a story that before the Admiralty broadside against the Geddes Report was made public Lord Beatty called the Board together, and, banging his fist on the table, said the Report meant their resignation; but that was the only approach to politics, and none of the party believed the speaker. They were much more interested when someone else told how a financial magnate had offered to bet £100 to one that a new tyre he was bringing out would be on every new car before three years were out. We wound up that luncheon in proper style. We visited a City house off

London Wall and drank a bottle of choice port brought up from the private cellar.

A "Doggy" War Sequel.

Here indeed is a picturesque sequel to an incident of the war. In October 1918, when the 18th Division drove the Germans out of the village of Bousies, east of Le Cateau, Lieutenant-Colonel B. J. Walker, commanding the 8th Royal Sussex Regiment, picked up a dachshund bitch that had been left behind. He kept her until his battalion came home, and, the quarantine period ended, consulted the experts as to her quality. Their verdict was so convincing that the Colonel decided to breed from her.

So the little waif of the war fields was sent to be mated with one of the most celebrated

certainly has the right stuff in him, but he's too young yet."

The splendid, aged Sir Squire Bancroft was present, and interposed with, "Yes, an actor cannot show what is best in him until he has passed thirty years of age. Past forty is better still."

"Exactly," went on the lady, adding with a quizzical smile, "The people who insist that they know, who insist on telling us that they know, say that this young man has the right stuff in him, that by the time he is forty he will at least be able to play Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"But," she continued merrily, "Sir Squire is quite right. Most of our leading actors and actresses are too young yet to give us of their best."

"Of course, you're all right," she added, patting Sir Squire affectionately on the arm.

The Lord Chancellor's Horoscope.

Students of astronomy, and the more numerous class of persons who survey history and the rise and fall of personages, are likely to be interested in the story that is being told about the Lord Chancellor and his horoscope.

Lord Wavertree, known for so many years as Colonel Hall Walker, has a penchant for working out horoscopes. He devoted himself to a study of the celestial bodies that influence the career of the Lord Chancellor. He told Lord Birkenhead that the reading showed a swift rise in influence, power, and well-being. Then there came a slowing down until the topmost point of a great career was reached. And then a slip downwards—I don't know whether gradual or headlong.

Anyhow, Lord Birkenhead tells the story, always with that polished drawl and that lofty smile of his. He is an amazing man.

The late Sir Edward Cooper, ex-Lord Mayor, used to tell one very good Lloyds story.

One of his earliest friends was an old fellow whose malapropisms were always being quoted.

A boat in which Sir Edward was heavily interested was reported to be a total loss. Then better news came in.

The maker of malapropisms sought out Sir Edward and told him the joyful news. "It's all right, Cooper," he called out. "It's not true: It's a *Canard*."

Sir R. P. Houston and the Crutches.

One of the new Barons, the bearded, clear-skinned Sir R. P. Houston, M.P., who made a fortune out of shipping, and set the tune to the other millionaires when the nation looked to them to buy War Loan Stock, always seems the picture of resolute health; but he says his looks never pity him, and certainly there were periods last year when the doctor advised rest and a holiday from business strain.

The knowledge that Sir Robert had not been too well caused Sir Thomas Lipton to make a mistake at a luncheon party the other day. One of the ladies present had a sprained ankle, and when Sir Thomas came in Sir Robert was holding her crutches.

"Dear me," observed Sir Thomas to a friend with real solicitude, "I knew that Houston had been ill. I'm sorry he has had to take to crutches. I didn't know he was as bad as that."



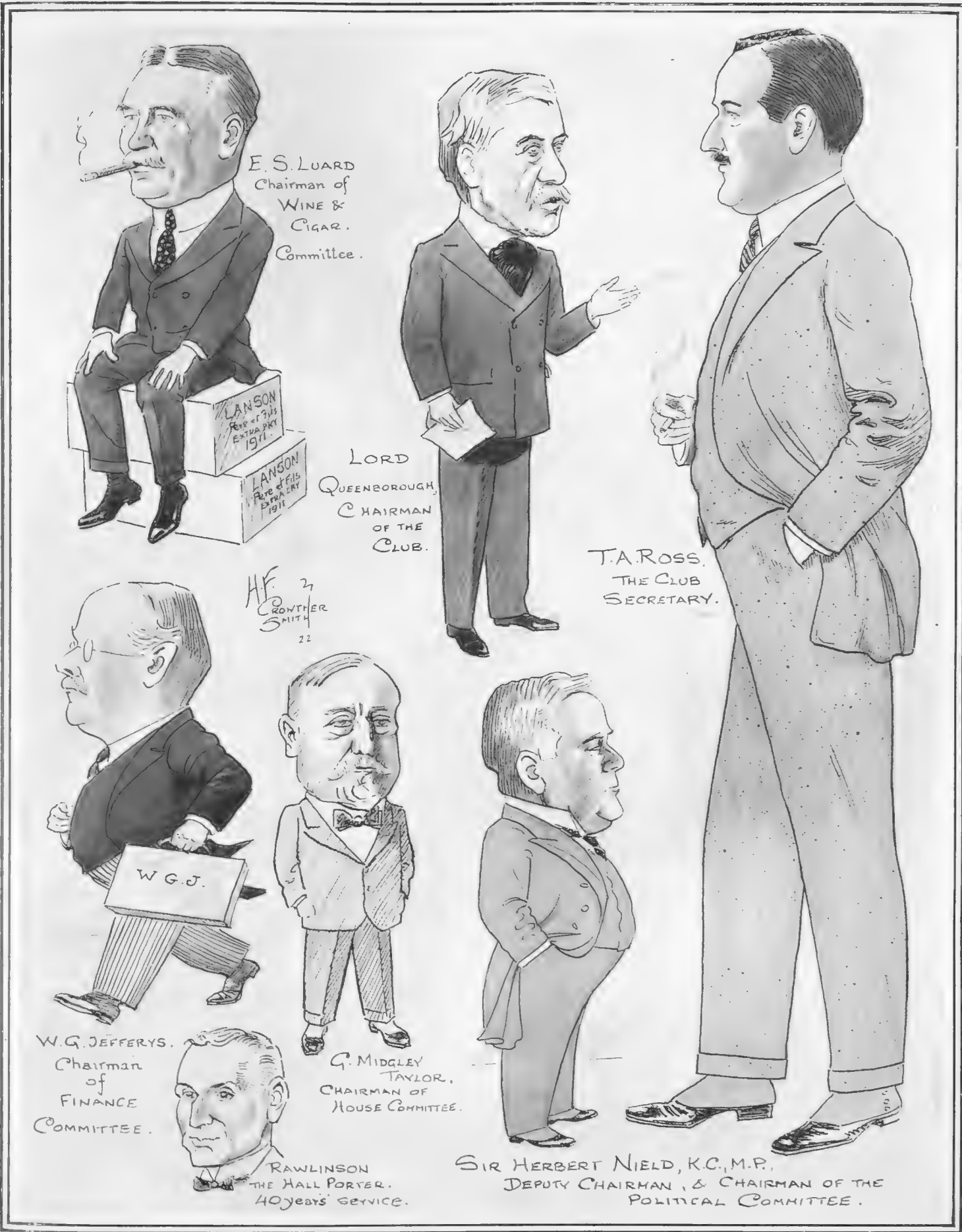
MANY HAPPY RETURNS FOR NEXT MONDAY: MISS ELLEN TERRY, WHO CELEBRATES HER SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY ON FEBRUARY 27.

Miss Ellen Terry, the world-famous actress, celebrates her seventy-fourth birthday on Monday, February 27. She was seen last week at the Aldwych Theatre special matinee in aid of the Fulham Babies' Hospital, where she recited selections from "The Merchant of Venice."—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

dachshund sires in England, Champion Honeystone. And the result? Last year at the Kennel Club Show at Olympia two of her puppies secured four prizes between them. And, more notable still, this month at Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall each carried off a first prize, and each was runner-up for the best dog and best bitch in the dachshund section. After the judging, Colonel Walker had something like thirty requests for any further progeny of his war "find."

The Right Age for Actors.

The talk centred upon the appearances in "Hamlet" and "Othello" of the young actor, Henry Baynton, whose future in Shakespearean acting seems to have inspired real hope among the critics. One lady, who can claim to know the stage, said, "He



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: THE ST. STEPHEN'S.

St. Stephen's Club was founded in 1870, for the purpose of furthering the interests of the Conservative cause. The site on the Victoria Embankment, where the club-house was opened in 1874, was obtained after some opposition from the Radical party then in power. There is a subway from the club into the House of Commons, and bells ring throughout the building when there is a division. The club is

much favoured by the many engineers who have offices in Westminster, as well as by politicians. Mr. G. Midgley Taylor, the well-known consulting engineer, is Chairman of the House Committee. Our artist has pictured some prominent members of the club, including the Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, and the hall porter, who is an institution.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.



Tales with a sting.

TAKING THE VEIL.

By KATHARINE MANSFIELD.

(Author of "Bliss.")

IT seemed impossible that anyone should be unhappy on such a beautiful morning. Nobody was, decided Edna, except herself. The windows were flung wide in the houses. From within there came the sound of pianos, little hands chased after each other and ran away from each other, practising scales. The trees fluttered in the sunny gardens, all bright with spring flowers. Street boys whistled, a little dog barked; people passed by, walking so lightly, so swiftly, they looked as though they wanted to break into a run. Now she actually saw in the distance a parasol, peach-coloured, the first parasol of the year.

Perhaps even Edna did not look quite as unhappy as she felt. It is not easy to look tragic at eighteen when you are extremely pretty, with the cheeks and lips and shining eyes of perfect health. Above all, when you are wearing a French blue frock and your new spring hat trimmed with cornflowers. True, she carried under her arm a book bound in horrid black leather. Perhaps the book provided a gloomy note, but only by accident; it was the ordinary library binding. For Edna had made going to the library an excuse for getting out of the house to think, to realise what had happened, to decide somehow what was to be done now.

An awful thing had happened. Quite suddenly, at the theatre last night, when she and Jimmy were seated side by side in the dress-circle, without a moment's warning—in fact, she had just finished a chocolate almond and passed the box to him again—she had fallen in love with an actor. *But—fallen—in—love.* . . .

The feeling was unlike anything she had ever imagined before. It wasn't in the least pleasant. It was hardly thrilling. Unless you can call the most dreadful sensation of nopeless misery, despair, agony, and wretchedness thrilling. Combined with the certainty that if that actor met her on the pavement after, while Jimmy was fetching their cab, she would follow him to the ends of the earth, at a nod, at a sign, without giving another thought to Jimmy, or her father and mother, or her happy home and countless friends again. . . .

The play had begun fairly cheerfully. That was at the chocolate-almond stage. Then the hero had gone blind. Terrible moment! Edna had cried so much she had to borrow Jimmy's folded, smooth-feeling handkerchief as well. Not that crying mattered. Whole rows were in tears. Even the men blew their noses with a loud trumpeting noise and tried to peer at the programme, instead of looking at the stage. Jimmy, most mercifully dry-eyed—for what would she have done without his handkerchief?—squeezed her free hand, and whispered "Cheer up, darling girl!" And it was then she had taken a last chocolate-almond to please him and passed the box again. Then there had been that ghastly scene with the hero alone on the stage in a deserted room at twilight, with a band playing outside and the sound of cheering coming from the street. He had tried—ah, how painfully, how pitifully!—to grope his way to the window. He had succeeded at last. There he stood holding the curtain while one beam of light, just one beam, shone full on his raised sightless face, and the band faded away into the distance. . . .

It was—really, it was absolutely—oh, the most—it was simply—in fact, from that moment Edna knew that life could never be the same. She drew her hand away from

Jimmy's, leaned back, and shut the chocolate-box for ever. This at last was love!

Edna and Jimmy were engaged. She had had her hair up for a year and a half; they had been publicly engaged for a year. But they had known they were going to marry each other ever since they walked in the Botanical Gardens with their nurses, and sat on the grass with a wine-biscuit and a piece of barley-sugar each for their tea. It was so much an accepted thing that Edna had worn a wonderfully good imitation of an engagement-ring out of a cracker all the time she was at school. And up till now they had been devoted to each other.

But now it was over. It was so completely over that Edna found it difficult to believe that Jimmy did not realise it too. She smiled wisely, sadly, as she turned into the gardens of the Convent of the Sacred Heart and mounted the path that led through them to Hill Street. How much better to know it now than to wait until after they were married! Now it was possible that Jimmy would get over it. No, it was no use deceiving herself; he would never get over it! His life was wrecked, was ruined; that was inevitable. But he was young. . . . Time, people always said Time, might make a little, just a little, difference. In forty years, when he was an old man, he might be able to think of her calmly—perhaps. But she—what did the future hold for her?

Edna had reached the top of the path. There, under a new-leaved tree, hung with little bunches of white flowers, she sat down on a green bench and looked over the convent flower-beds. In the one nearest to her there grew tender stocks, with a border of blue, shell-like pansies, with at one corner a clump of creamy freesias, their light spears of green criss-crossed over the flowers. The convent pigeons were tumbling high in the air, and she could hear the voice of Sister Agnes, who was giving a singing lesson. Ah-me, sounded the deep tones of the nun, and Ah-me, they were echoed. . . .

If she did not marry Jimmy, of course she would marry nobody. The man she was in love with, the famous actor, Edna had far too much common-sense not to realise *that* would never be. It was very odd. She didn't even want it to be. Her love was too intense for that. It had to be endured, silently; it had to torment her. It was, she supposed, simply that kind of love.

"But, Edna," cried Jimmy, "can you never change? Can I never hope again?"

Oh, what sorrow to have to say it, but it must be said. "No, Jimmy, I will never change."

Edna bowed her head and a little flower fell on her lap, and the voice of Sister Agnes cried suddenly, "Ah-no," and the echo came, "Ah-no. . . ."

At that moment the future was revealed. Edna saw it all. She was astonished; it took her breath away at first. But, after all, what could be more natural? She would go into a convent. . . . Her father and mother do everything to dissuade her, in vain. As for Jimmy, his state of mind hardly bears thinking about. Why can't they understand? How can they add to her suffering like this? The world is cruel, terribly cruel! After a last scene when she gives away her jewellery and so on to her best friends—she so calm, they so broken-hearted—into a convent she goes. No, one moment. The very evening of her going is the actor's last evening at Port Willin. He receives by a strange messenger a box. It

is full of white flowers. But is there no name, no card, nothing? Yes, under the roses, wrapped in a white silk handkerchief, Edna's last photograph, with, written underneath—

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Edna sat very still under the trees; she clasped the black book in her fingers, as though it were her missal. . . . She takes the name of Sister Angela. Snip, snip! All her lovely hair is cut off. Will she be allowed to send one curl to Jimmy? It is contrived somehow. And in a blue gown with a white head-band Sister Angela goes from the convent to the chapel, from the chapel to the convent, with something unearthly in her look, in her sorrowful eyes, and the gentle smile with which she greets the little children who run to her. A saint! She hears it whispered as she paces the chill, wax-smelling corridors. A saint! And visitors to the chapel are told of the nun whose voice is heard above the other voices, of her youth, her beauty, of her tragic, tragic love.

"There is a man in this town whose life is ruined. . . ."

A big bee, a golden, furry fellow, crept into a freesia, and the delicate flower leaned over, swung, shook; and when the bee flew away it fluttered still, as though it were laughing. Happy, careless flower!

Sister Angela looked at it and said: "Now it is winter." One night, lying in her icy cell, she hears a cry. Some stray animal is out there in the garden, a kitten or a lamb, or, well, whatever little animal might be there. Up rises the sleepless nun. All in white, shivering, but fearless, she goes and brings it in. But next morning, when the bell rings for matins, she is found tossing in high fever—in delirium—and she never recovers. In three days all is over. The service has been said in the chapel, and she is buried in the corner of the cemetery reserved for the nuns, where there are plain little crosses of wood. Rest in Peace, Sister Angela. . . .

Now it is evening. Two old people leaning on each other come slowly to the grave and kneel down sobbing: "Our daughter! Our only daughter!" Now there comes another. He is all in black; he comes slowly. But when he is there and lifts his black hat, Edna sees to her horror his hair is snow-white. Jimmy! Too late, too late! The tears are running down his face; he is crying *now*. Too late, too late! The wind shakes the leafless trees in the churchyard. He gives one awful bitter cry.

Edna's black book fell with a thud to the garden path. She jumped up, her heart beating. My darling! No, it's not too late. It's all been a mistake, a terrible dream. Oh, that white hair! How could she have done it? She has not done it. Oh, heavens! Oh, what happiness! She is free, young, and nobody knows her secret. Everything is still possible for her and Jimmy. The house they have planned may still be built; the little solemn boy with his hands behind his back watching them plant the standard roses may still be born. His baby sister. . . . But when Edna got as far as his baby sister, she stretched out her arms as though the little love came flying through the air to her. And gazing at the garden, at the white sprays on the tree, at those darling pigeons blue against the blue, and the convent with its narrow windows, she realised that now at last, for the first time in her life—she had never imagined any feeling like it before—she knew what it was to be in love, *but—in—love!*

THE END.

This Week's Studdy.



"WAY OF REVELATION."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Bulldog Drummond's Bite, Grip, and Strangle-Hold.



DOWNING THE VILLAINS: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AS THE HERO OF "SAPPER'S" MELODRAMA.

Sir Gerald du Maurier has a busy time as the hero of the "thick-ear" play, "Bulldog Drummond," which has been running successfully at Wyndham's for nearly a year. He has to deal with two cunning and

unscrupulous villains—Dr. Henry Lakington (Mr. Gilbert Hare) and Carl Peterson (Mr. Alfred Drayton), and is shown on our page at grips with them both in thrilling moments in the play.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

Bulldog Drummond Baited by the Villainous Doctor.



DR. HENRY LAKINGTON TORTURES PHYLLIS BEFORE DRUMMOND: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER, MR. GILBERT HARE, AND MISS OLWEN ROOSE.

One of the most thrilling scenes in "Bulldog Drummond," the melodrama at Wyndham's, takes place in what purports to be Dr. Henry Lakington's nursing home. The villainous "doctor" tortures Phyllis Benton, and then lets the impotent Bulldog Drummond see her in a fainting condition.

Drummond is, however, equal to every situation, and though he is tightly bound with chains and leather, he manages to get free through the aid of Phyllis, who "comes to" at the right minute, and he is able to turn the tables on the Doctor very prettily.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

THE EXECUTRIX WHO EXPOSES THE SHAM.





AS ISOBEL, IN "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"; MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays the rôle of the daughter who has sacrificed everything to her distinguished father, the Poet Blayds, in "The Truth About Blayds," at the Globe. She has remained single in order to nurse him, and it is to her that he confesses that he did not write his poems. Isobel is executrix, and she has to shock and startle the

family by the announcement that the great man they all revered was nothing but a sham. Both Miss Vanbrugh's genius for delicate delineation of character and her emotional powers are given full scope in the part of Isobel. Her outburst on the subject of her "wasted life" is very finely handled.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY YVONNE PARK.

A Canadian-Born Countess and Her Baby Daughter.



WITH LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT: THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

Lady Minto is the wife of the fifth Earl of Minto, and the daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal. Her marriage took place in January of last year in Canada, and she has a baby girl, Lady Bridget Elliot, who is shown with her on our page. Lady Bridget has only just arrived on

this planet, and this is her first appearance in "The Sketch." It is rather early to say if she resembles her beautiful mother or not; but she is certainly a pretty baby. Lord Minto, the fifth Earl, succeeded his father in 1914.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

A Family Study.



THE WIFE AND SON OF A FRENCH DIPLOMAT: MME. ADRIEN THIERRY AND JACKIE.

Mme. Adrien Thierry is the wife of M. Adrien Thierry, Second Secretary | Henri de Rothschild of Paris, and her little son, shown with her in
of the French Embassy in London. She is the daughter of Baron | our portrait study, boasts an English name, as he is called Jackie.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Children's Studio*, 43, Dover Street W.

"Through the Back Door" Last Week.



FEATURED AS JEANNE BODAMERE, THE GRASS ORPHAN: MISS MARY PICKFORD.

Miss Mary Pickford, the world's most famous film star, was seen last week in her latest film, "Through the Back Door." In this screen drama she has to play the part of a girl, Jeanne Bodamere, whose widowed mother marries a rich American and leaves her daughter in Belgium. Later, she is told that Jeanne

is dead; but on the outbreak of war the girl travels to America to find her mother, and has many thrilling adventures before she establishes her identity. At one time she is engaged as scullery-maid, thus making her entry "Through the Back Door," to quote the film title.—[Photograph by Arnold Genthe.]

A Labrador Fancier and Some of Her Beauties.



GIVING HER DOGS A LESSON IN DIVING: MRS. QUINTIN DICK,
THE WELL-KNOWN BREEDER OF LABRADORS.



WITH SOME OF THE
PUPPIES: MRS. QUINTIN
DICK.



WITH FOUR SUPERB "AVANT-COURRIERS": MRS. QUINTIN DICK IN HER PONY CART.

Mrs. Quintin Dick is the wife of Captain Quintin Dick, of Carantrilla, Co. Galway, and 12, Grosvenor Crescent, and is the only daughter of Major Penn Curzon. She is well known as a successful breeder of Labradors, and has won many prizes at shows all over the country,

including the Sporting International Challenge Bowl at Cruft's, which she carried off this year with Grately Ben. She also took the China Cup, for the best brace in the show, and the Cruft Team Cup No. 1. Our page shows Mrs. Quintin Dick with some of her retrievers.

Photographs by Rouch.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

A Plea for the Novel.

It is time to speak up for the novel. It is time for the novel to be treated in this country with proper consideration. I do not mean the novel that the exquisitely brilliant Mr. Petted Fellow has just produced, or the novel that will be published next week by the "too divine" Miss Dulcissima Halo. They need no defence. They are born into a world that has been carefully set a-palpitating for their appearance.

The novel I mean is the "Bring-me-a-novel-from-the-library-darling" sort of novel; the novel that you see reviewed under some such general title as "A Batch of Boredom," or "Six at Seven-and-Six." No novel, however bad, should be sardined in that way, just as no novel, however bad, should be sniffily dismissed without being read.

It is not fair. I know what it means to write a novel. It is a tremendous undertaking. Good or bad, it needs courage and endurance to write a whole, long novel. It means a big slice out of your working life. It means a wastage of physical and mental energy that will never be replaced. When I look at the publishers' lists, and see the strings of novels that ask for a little life, a little recognition, a little decent appreciation, and when I think of all the labour and perseverance and doubt and hope that has gone to the making of them, I feel faint and weary from very sympathy.

Because, if I may repeat the statement, I know. And you cannot know until you have had a shot at it yourself. It is, of course, an old argument, but I am one of those who maintain that the best critics of any mortal thing are those who have had a shot at that thing themselves.

Good Training for Critics.

All critics should go through this training before they are allowed to criticise.

No man should be permitted to say: "The violin-playing of Miss Elfrida Hallowmas [Heaven send there is no such person!] is too pitifully agonising for words" unless he has himself been through the tedious process of learning to handle a violin—yes, and exhibited the results on a public platform.

The same with dramatic critics (O dangerous subject!). No man should be allowed to damn a play, or an actor, or a producer, until he has written a play, produced it publicly, and played a conspicuous part on the boards. I don't say this in a carping spirit. I say it because we want to get at the hearts of these fellows. We want their sympathy, we who strive. And we don't want any damned superiority.

Superiority is the horrid thing of all. One need not speak of affected superiority, because all superiority is affected. Especially the superiority of parasites. (I am on safe ground here, for nearly all of our dramatic critics have written plays.)

No man should condemn a work of Art, I say, or even an attempt at a work of Art, unless he is prepared to come out into the open and do it better. If he cannot do

it at all, and has never even tried to do it, the only attitude for him is one of humility. I am a humble critic because I have been through the mill. I don't pretend that I



MARRIED ON SATURDAY (FEB. 18): THE HON. MRS. CREIGHTON, FORMERLY THE HON. RACHEL HAYES-FISHER.

The marriage of the Hon. Rachel Hayes-Fisher, daughter of the late Lord Downham of Fulham, and of Lady Downham, to Major T. M. Creighton, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Creighton, of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, took place on Saturday last, Feb. 18, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL: LORD LYTTON AND HIS FAMILY AT KNEBWORTH HOUSE.

Our photograph shows the Earl of Lytton, who has been appointed Governor of Bengal, in succession to Lord Ronaldshay, with his family. The names, reading from left to right are: The Hon. Alexander E. J. Bulwer-Lytton, Lady Margaret Bulwer-Lytton, the Countess of Lytton, the Earl of Lytton, Lady Katherine Bulwer-Lytton, and Viscount Knebworth. Lady Lytton, who was married in 1902, is the daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Plowden, K.C.S.I., of Hazlehurst, Ore, Sussex.—(Photograph by Russell.)

was always a humble critic. Paul, once upon a time, was Saul. But when Paul tried to be good he found that he had taken on a very difficult job.

What a Novel Is.

These novels that you take away from your library two or three at a time, and yawn over, and fling at the cat—have you ever considered that they represent the work of weeks, and months, and sometimes years? Have you ever seen a novel in manuscript? It is a bulky affair, let me tell you, consisting of three to four hundred pages of close writing.

And every word of all that writing has been cudgelled by the author out of his little head. You can't shove a novel together as you would shove together a biography, or a book of critical essays, or a book of travel. That sort of book is largely written by some patient amanuensis. It is very easy. You dictate a little, as thus—

"The considered opinions of Samuel Butler on the subject of trout-fishing are well worthy of perusal." Got that, Miss Jones? Right. Just copy out these three pages while I feed the puppy." And off you go, and by the time you have finished feeding the puppy Miss Jones has written another thousand words of your book for you. A day's work! Anybody can knock off that sort of volume! And I don't care who criticises it. (I don't make 'em.)

But in a novel you are dealing with creatures of your fancy, creatures that you have created, mind-children. For you, at any rate, the author, these mind-children live. You can see them as plainly as you can see the man going down the street on the water-cart. You can hear the tones of their voices. The talk that they talk is real. Their sufferings, their sorrows, their sins, their joys, their triumphs—all are absolutely real to you. They may not be real to the reader; that is a matter of skill, or genius, or luck. But they are real to you, and you won't

have them ill-treated, if you can help it, any more than you would allow the children of your body to be ill-treated.

What you do ask, what you have a right to ask, is collaboration on the part of the reader. Not intelligence, perhaps—one must moderate one's desires in this world—but a sympathetic appreciation of your very real efforts to interest and amuse.

A Novel That I Enjoyed.

Sometimes, but not often, I happen across a new novel that I can enjoy all through. When that good fortune comes my way, I tell everybody about it in order to give them a chance of the same pleasure.

I recommend you, then, to read "Mendoza and a Little Lady." It is written by Mr. William Caine—whose work is new to me, though his name is, of course, quite familiar—and published by the firm of Putnam. I don't know the price, but that doesn't matter. You will probably get it, as I did, out of the library.

Having read this book, I looked up Mr. Caine in "Who's Who." I wanted to find out how old he was, and where he lived.

[Continued overleaf.]

The Eton "Cabinet."



PRESIDENT OF THE ETON SOC.: A KEEPER OF THE FIVES COURTS, AND SECRETARY OF THE MUSICAL SOC., LORD DUNGLASS.



CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL:
A. N. G. RICHARDS, K.S.



CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVEN:
G. K. COX.



A KEEPER OF THE FIVES COURTS:
N. LLOYD DAVIES.



MASTER OF THE BEAGLES:
T. C. GOULDSMITH.



CAPTAIN OF THE RUGBY XV.:
R. C. J. MORE O'FERRALL.



A KEEPER OF THE RACQUET COURTS: O. C. SMITH-BINGHAM.



A KEEPER OF THE RACQUET COURTS: G. S. INCLEDON-WEBBER.



CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS:
C. E. PITMAN.



CAPTAIN OF THE OPPIDANS:
C. H. DUVEEN.

Our page shows ten Eton officials whose appointments have just been made. Lord Dunglass, who holds three posts, is the eldest son of the Earl of Home. There are 1112 boys at Eton this term; fifty-six left at the end of last half, and fifty-five new boys were admitted this term.

Photographs by Hill and Saunders.

Continued.

and who published his previous works. I had an inkling that the man Punchester in this story, an unpleasant creature with a great deal of money made out of very poor but very brilliant young artists, might have been intended for some publisher or other. So I wanted to see who had made Mr. Caine so bitter.

In my edition of "Who's Who" (1915), there is only one William Caine—"Caine, William Ralph Hall," and that is not my William Caine. The parentage of "Caine, William Ralph Hall," is not given, but I see that he hails from the Isle of Man, so I have my suspicions. As to the very talented author of "Mendoza and a Little Lady," the editor of "Who's Who" had nothing to say—at least, not in 1915. True, that was seven years ago. For the editor's credit's sake I trust the 1922 edition has a lot about the non-Manx William Caine, as well.

The plot of "Mendoza" is nothing at all. There is no plot which you would call a plot. I never read a book with fewer characters in it. As a play it would have appealed with irresistible fascination to the late Sir Charles Wyndham—I mean, on the score of the short cast. That distinguished actor would not have appeared in it. There is no part for him.

Mr. Caine gives us two elderly men, both very rich, both very mean, both very clever at detecting unsuspected value in drawings and other objects of art. How he hates these saliva-ish old men! One of them is making a deal with the heroine—a charming, frail, wisp of a genius of a girl. "The girl looked fairly ill, he thought," and licked his lips over that! She would have to accept his terms or starve, you see. Isn't that horrible? Mr. William Caine is evidently an inspired hater.

Well, there for you are three characters. The fourth is another genius in black-and-white—a youth this time, who falls in love with the girl and marries her. You can't call that a plot. I wouldn't insult it by calling it a plot. And the fifth is Mendoza himself—the greatest caricaturist in the world. (Perhaps I ought to add Anfitrion, Mendoza's manservant. But I think the great actor I have mentioned would have cut him out. He is good, but shadowy. I shouldn't know him if I met him in the street; but I should know all the others, especially the girl, named Otilie, and the young artist, Raymond.)

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that Mendoza, the great caricaturist, and a Spaniard into the bargain, falls wildly in love with Otilie himself. I, in my foolishness, thought he would kill her, or kill Raymond, or kill himself. On the contrary, he was very kind to them both, especially in teaching them how to deal with the two old rascals. Very kind and patient and persevering indeed. I should have lost patience with them chapters and chapters before the wedding. For a bigger couple of hopeless young idiots I never met in fiction or out of it.

Charming idiots, mind you, delightful idiots, but so exasperatingly silly about eating and drinking. Their favourite beverage, when they could afford it, was *tea*. They waxed lyrically ecstatic over *tea*! It made me feel ill even to read about all this

tea-guzzling! Tea, I admit, is a good morning drink—perhaps the best of all drinks first thing in the morning—but sheer vice in the afternoon. Yet they would trot back to some Chelsea studio bubbling over with glee at the thought of the kettle on the gas-ring!

My private impression is that Mr. William Caine knows nothing whatever about the human innards. Here is a picture of Mendoza and the heroine when the latter had just fainted *twice* from sheer starvation—

"That's why I loathe milk," she concluded. "Please, please don't make me drink any to-day, Mendoza. Mayn't I have a bun?"

"No," he said. "I have something better for you than buns." He held up a rusk, dipped it in the honey, then in the milk, and put it between her eager lips. "And now," he said, rising, "for tea."

Of course! Ah, well, never mind. All great men break down somewhere. If he knows nothing about gastronomy, he knows a fiendish lot about black-and-white art. You

"quite unique"; informs us that Dr. Gore, when at home, "receives and embraces some of his numerous disciples"; that the same gentleman, "on a cold day," sits with his feet in the fender and his hands stretched over the fire; and is so familiar with Dean Inge that he almost draws a picture of Mrs. Inge mending the Dean's "more than shabby" clothes.

Is this really the gentleman with the duster who polished up so wittily and benevolently the mirrors of Downing Street? Well, it is, of course, for the title-page declares the fact. But would you have expected that scholarly gentleman, the intimate friend of Prime Ministers, the great man from whom nothing was hid, to write in this way of General Bramwell Booth?

"Not seldom he was in his father's arms sobbing over the sufferings of humanity and the hardness of the world's heart, mingling his tears with his father's."

Even supposing the Booth family were accustomed to behave in that rather exhausting fashion, would they have done so in the presence of the gentleman with the pocket-handkerchief? Or, if he was not present on these sacred occasions, would they have described them for the purposes of publicity?

Something odd about it. Something beyond my little intelligence. I wish our author would throw away his handkerchief and get back to his duster—or even a knuckle-duster, should he prefer it.

In the Grand Style.

When American authors are grand they are very grand.

Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain—the name alone is a guarantee of complete and isolated grandeur—calls his new novel "Cobweb," and has entrusted the publication of it on this side to Messrs. Mills and Boon.

Now, this is the way of introducing a heroine in the grand American manner—

"The girl in the elevator had added distinction to beauty of a peculiar type." (Which is quite different, I take it, from revelling in distinction added to beauty. If you read the sentence aright you will find that the distinction was her own contribution to the general make-up.) "Bourne's well-trained sense of values established that premise without question, but when it came to determining whether her uniqueness in a standardised world arose from breeding or from marked anatomical divergence his judgment hesitated, hung poised, and then tipped the balance away from Knickerbocker heredity and in favour of the less subtle solution of physical appearance." . . . At which I left the matter. One knows, at any rate, when one is unworthy.

Nothing English. Another way of being distinguished is to avoid laying the scene of your story in England.

Mr. Melrose knows that, and so does Miss Margaret Peterson. "Dust of Desire" is the name of her new story, and I am not going to pretend that I have read it.

But I knew, when I lighted on this passage, that Miss Peterson has learnt one of the great secrets of success in fiction to-day—

"'Mukyala,' he said, speaking slowly, 'the Bwana is well and safe. They have not killed him; they will not kill. He has said to me, 'Take the Mukyala in the car to Wala, to the house of Bwana Munroe.''"



AT THE "THÉ DANSANT" FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS' HOME: LADY AND MISS HULTON, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CHATEAU THIERRY, AND MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE.

The "Thé Dansant" was held at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, under the patronage of Princess Mary. Mr. William Gillette is one of the best-known figures in London Society.

He was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Club.—[Photograph by C.N.]

can see the work as he describes it. He achieves the feat—which every author would like to achieve—of illustrating his own book with the vividness of his writing.

About which, I fancy—the writing—I have told you nothing. Well, there isn't room, for one thing; and, for another, I don't approve of what is called in literary-journalistic circles "gutting" a book. It is not the way to make the reader run and buy, which should be the chief aim of a human reviewer when he lights on a book worth buying.

Money, food, tea, a little love, wonderful sketches, and the river! Those are the ingredients. But ah, the pretty skill of the mixer!

Familiarity. I have two or three other books on my table. One is a volume of personal chat about people eminent in the religious world, and is written, I gather from the title-page, by the same pen that gave us that delightful and very amusing book, "The Mirrors of Downing Street." And here mystery is revived, for "A Gentleman with a Duster," once so erudite, so suave, so convincing in his bland omniscience, descends to such a *bêtise* as



Owner of a String
of Racehorses.

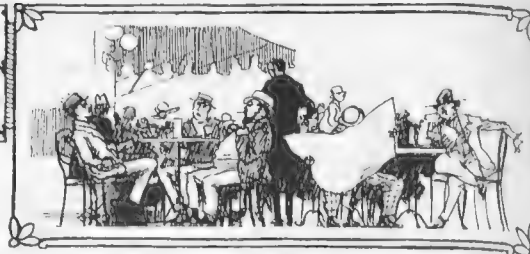


FORMERLY MRS. MCGUSTY : MRS. ARTHUR BENDIER.

Mrs. Arthur Bendier, the wife of Mr. Arthur Bendier, is a keen sports-
woman. She owns a string of race-horses, and races under her own
name. She is also very interested in canine affairs, and breeds dogs.
She is shown with one of her favourites in our photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RITA MARTIN, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Lights of Paris.



Stage Politics. It is perhaps interesting to note the seriousness with which the French newspapers are now taking up the campaign which was initiated, in all friendliness, in these pages. It will be remembered that I called attention to the unpleasant consequences that were bound to result from the new French habit of abusing the British in general, and Mr. Lloyd George in particular, on every music-hall stage in the capital, in every cabaret, and in every revue. My French friends were in entire agreement with me about the unfortunate effects that these silly songs and stupid scenes might have. A completely false picture of the British was presented, and although the caricaturist must be allowed full liberty, that liberty had degenerated into license.

Deadly Monotony.

Sketch readers would probably like to know the sequel. The whole matter was taken up by an association that is anxious to improve the relations of our two countries, and representations were made to the authorities. I have every reason to believe that the Prefect of Police intends to stop the singing of absolutely unwitty ribald insults dressed up in a little music. But there has also been begun a discussion in the journals. A few writers apparently think I was wrong to protest, and try to make light of unhumorous malice. They suggest we must have a thin skin—but it is surely not necessary to be thin-skinned to resent being publicly called the most abominable names six times in one evening.

Neither Rhyme Nor Reason.

It is no good trying to defend these literary atrocities on the ground that they are comic or are *spirituel*. That is just what they are not. Some specimens are printed, and it is therefore easy to produce, if necessary, this miserable stuff written in the most atrocious French. The lines don't scan, and the rhymes don't rhyme—and if there is no rhyme, neither is there any reason. It is the reputation of Montmartre that suffers. The old *chansonniers* would have scorned such work. But the *Temps* comes to my rescue.

"Le Temps" Support.

"When in a music-hall or a cabaret an Englishman hears Mr. Lloyd George attacked," writes my distinguished *confrère* in the *Temps* (which remains the leading French newspaper), "it does not matter whether the Englishman happens to be an adversary of his Prime Minister. He cannot be pleased; he must be irritated and annoyed. He is bound to say that he has not come to an entertainment to hear political talk." And the *Temps* shows that Italians and Americans are treated in the same fashion. The odd thing is that a good part of the places occupied—and paid for—are filled by foreigners.

Local News.

I will not apologise for treating a subject of some importance seriously. And there is another interesting theme. The strike of the composers of the *Daily Mail* and the *New York Herald*—that is to say, of the Paris editions of these papers—is the talk of the town. They are admirably conducted, and to people who live on the Continent, are invaluable.

Naturally, besides giving the news that is to be found in the ordinary English papers, they contain all sorts of local items. One learns who has descended at what hotel, for example, and what the little societies that flourish in the Anglo-American colony are doing. . . . We do not like to be deprived of this information. After all, I am not sure that this is not the most interesting information of all—what our friends and acquaintances and the acquaintances of our acquaintances are up to. It is like a letter every morning on the breakfast table. And suddenly, without warning, the printers refused to print these sheets. Was Mr. P. A. Goudie (Occupation: golf-playing; Recreation: editing newspaper) dismayed?



A POPULAR FAVOURITE OF THE PARISIAN STAGE :
MLLE. ALICE COCÉA IN "DÉDÉ."

Mlle. Alice Cocéa is appearing at the Bouffes-Parisiens in "Dédé," the successful revue. Our photograph shows her in a charming cloth-of-silver evening dress adorned with crystal fringes and embroidery and veiled with white tulle.

Photograph by Reulinger.

Not a bit. He decided that we should have our usual letter on the breakfast table.

Revolution in Type-Setting.

Now mark the immense and remarkable consequences of this strike. The newspapers were there for us to read. No compositor had lent a hand. The typewriter alone had set up the type. Everybody can now work a typewriter, and everybody available helped. The number was admittedly a makeshift number, but that makeshift number is destined to revolutionise the printing trade. A few years hence I hope you will remember that I told you so in *The Sketch*. Naturally, type-script done on the ordinary machine looks far too big and clumsy in the narrow columns of a newspaper. But somebody is going to invent a little typewriting machine

with letters resembling small print letters and instead of huge linotypes, tremendously heavy and unwieldy, a portable printing machine will be evolved. It is an easy matter, of course, to photograph a page thus prepared, and to have casts made. This Paris strike is therefore the starting-point of a new newspaper process.

Dress Soirées.

In the dressmaking trade there are also revolutions—though not so violent in character. One *couturier* has hit upon the idea of holding less formal exhibitions than those which we have hitherto seen. You know those afternoon assemblies in which we sit in rows—princesses and duchesses in the front row, other titled folk mingling with buyers and journalists and wealthy *invités*. The mannequins pass solemnly in order, showing off the latest models. Now this method has been found too stiff, too business-like. What is happening is that fashionable evening receptions are organised. The guests move around as they please. Little tables with champagne and dainty catables are in every corner. There is music, there is conversation, there is laughter. It is altogether an enjoyable occasion. Incidentally, the mannequins parade—in no settled order, according to no stern programme—and one admires this dress or that and asks about it.

A Social Affair.

Altogether, this is a great improvement on the rigid ceremonies at which one had to remain as motionless as in church, at which one was almost afraid to cough. However distinguished the company, it was emphatically not a social affair; it was, after a quarter of an hour, a boring affair. In the new conditions a really agreeable *soirée* can be spent, full of amusement, full of interest. I should think the idea will be caught up by other *couturiers*.

Play to Make Us Sad.

As for the plays of Paris just now, they are getting more morbid than ever, and I am looking forward to the return of Sacha Guitry from his week's holiday. During that week he promised to write a new play. Usually he scribbles a play on his dressing-table before getting into bed, and revises it the next morning. So if he takes a whole week we ought to have something good. It will not be too soon. Anything more depressing than some of the entertainments that are now being given it would be impossible to imagine. I dare not even mention the subject of M. Lenormand's drama, "Le Mangeur de Rêves," at the Champs Elysées, but it is dismal in the extreme. Why does such a clever writer expend so much talent in making us sad? As for M. Henry Bataille, "La Chair Humaine," at the Vaudeville, poses the not very cheerful or exciting problem of whether the unrecognised or the recognised son should have precedence. What with the irritating revue-writers, and M. Lenormand, and M. Bataille, one has to be very careful in choosing a place of entertainment these days in Paris.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



"A little and good" is our motto. Better one glass of good whisky than two glasses of doubtful quality



WHEN you are shopping and ask for HAIG & HAIG, when you are dining and ask to be served with HAIG & HAIG Whisky with your meal, you will sometimes be told, "Sorry, Sir, we cannot get supplies."

If your establishment is an important one, if your restaurant is high class, *insist* and you will get it.

Nothing else is quite as good as

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

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Plays — Without Prejudice.



Grave and Gay. There are two sorts of theatre-goer. And the most sensible of the lot is the one who is both sorts in himself. But the combination, as you will discover, is rarely, all too rarely, effected. You will find, if you walk round the West End with a watchful eye when the matinées are going on (or with an electric torch, if you prefer it, when the evening audiences are falling out of their taxis and skidding across the pavement into the arms of the large, cushiony gentleman covered with medals whom a kindly management provides for that humane purpose), you will observe—taking breath once more for the plunge into the deep end of this full-length, life-size, three-quarter-face sentence—that there are two quite distinct species in the assembling audiences. Grave—with pince-nez. And Gay—with chocolates.

One Man's Meat . . . And the silly part of it is that each of their meat (doesn't look quite right, does it? But you know what I mean) is the other one's poison. Gay will cackle all the evening at "Oo-er!" or "Hullo, Undies!" And Grave will knit its beetling brow at the convolutions of "Gnarled Souls" (from the Russian) or "The Metamorphosis of Kathleen McNabb" (from Glasgow). But if you sit one of them down at the other's pet performance, the result will be boredom, gloom, and another friendship gone wrong. Yet the ideal, the intelligent, the perfect playgoer is the one who can enjoy all sorts according to his mood. And that is what . . . but you ought to have said that first.

Prices. Anyway, you will find in London at the present moment a profusion of both kinds. If you are feeling frivolous, you can frivol somewhere in a highly expensive seat where they will play to you on a band consisting almost entirely of drum and allow you to smoke. And if you aren't, then you can go somewhere else and indulge in the blackest thoughts on life to an accompaniment of the gathered wisdom of Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. St. John Ervine. Which, oddly enough, is almost always a cheaper, although intellectually a more satisfying, expedition than a pilgrimage to the strine of musical comedy.

"Jenny." She may be visited in her loudest, brightest, and most expensive form at the Empire. Under the chaperonage of "Jenny." In the company of Miss Edith Day. It is not, thank heaven, one of those *galimatias* of hiccuping incoherence from which we have learned to dread

the once honourable and enlivening name of Revue. Neither is it one of those pretentious affairs which seem ashamed of their own parents and inform us at every turn that they are Light Opera—forgetting usually to be light and remembering only to be operatic. No. It is just a Musical Comedy. Of the sort that used to be good enough for Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Edmund Payne to work in, and which delighted audiences at the Gaiety for many years in pre-war days.



SEVILLE AND THE ENGLISH ROSE OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE":
TRINI, AND MISS JOAN CLARKSON.

Trini is the beautiful Spanish girl who appears in "The Fun of the Fayre," at the London Pavilion, and takes the part of Seville in the *Mirror of the Fayre*; while Miss Joan Clarkson is the English Rose in the same scene. Our photograph shows these distinctive beauties side by side. [Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

The End of a Perfect Day.

But it has a story. Lots and lots of story. All about a Girl with a Golden Voice. And a highly energetic old gentleman with long hair who helped her to fame—and incidentally (as he took Mr. Robert Hale's place in the cast at an extremely late stage in the rehearsals) went a long way towards making the reputation of Mr. Shaun Glenville. But, of course, what we were all interested in was Miss Edith Day. And she repaid our interest, with interest. Because she is admirably sure of herself. And even if they haven't given her any of those Gatling

speeches with which Irene used to subjugate her hearers, she has quite enough to do to keep them happy.

The Rest.

Secondary entertainment is provided by Mr. Billy Leonard, who is a great relief after the studied dignity of our *jeunes premiers*. He has a gift for mild antics and a pleasant air of dismal bewilderment which keeps the empty spaces of the piece (when Miss Day is not on the stage) full of entertainment. So also Miss Maidie Hope, who shares with Mr. Glenville the best tune of the evening, and exhibits her capacity for large liveliness. With her, Miss Andrews and Miss Bellonini.

Some Songs.

Altogether, then, a thoroughly cheerful turnout. The music, perhaps, lacks incident until the second Act. But in a week or so they will all have thought of funny things to do, and we shall be distracted from the dullness of the score. When it wakes up, however, it revives to some purpose, and there are two first-rate duets—one with saltatory trimmings by Mr. Leonard and Miss Day, of which we could have done with more and more and more. So that was that—a sound, lively, noisy, cheerful musical comedy with enough fun to keep one awake, and enough tunes to send one pleasantly to sleep. And what more do you require of the art of musical drama? It was not "King Lear." It was not even Gilbert and Sullivan. But if critics would learn to criticise things for what they are instead of whimpering over what they are not, we should all be far happier. And some of us would be a trifle wiser.

More Fun.

The one thing that it lacks (if one may follow the favourite pursuit of critics and the Olympian managers) to conduct their own business—which, judging from their bitter complaints, they do not fully understand) is any long stretch of concocted fun. Like the play-burlesques which an evening at the Gaiety used to be interspersed. Or the scene of nervous induction through which Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Payne used to writhe with a tall, procumbent silent Lady of the Chorus. We could have done with something of that sort. And there were at least four people in the cast who were capable of doing it for us. So why not? This was the problem which struck us when we left the theatre.



Stratford Place

MOST of London's treasures are hidden under a bushel. Viewed from the outside, Stratford Place has a sombre, almost forbidding, appearance, but within those few acres are many stately mansions, including Derby House, and the Stratford Club. If you enter the buildings which now comprise the Stratford Club, you will find priceless treasures of an art and historical interest.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Earl of Stratford arranged to lease the property from the City of London Corporation, who owned the site, which had previously been the headquarters of the Conduit Water System. On the site there was a fine Banqueting Hall, where the Lord Mayors were entertained. When the property was leased to the Earl of Stratford the streams had been dried up, and they granted the Earl 80-year leases perpetually renewable at about £6 to £10 per plot per annum. The City must have lost a cool million or so by making these leases perpetually renewable.

Many distinguished men have resided in Stratford Place. No. 20 housed Richard Cosway, the miniature painter. It is now to be rebuilt and added to an Oxford Street boot store. No. 18, part of the Stratford Club, was once owned by Sidney Smith, the eminent writer and satirist, and one-time Canon of St. Paul's. He collected wonderful carvings, with which the rooms and ceilings have been panelled, as illustrated on this page. One of the doors is panelled in Old Flemish carving of the fifteenth century. These carvings are superb examples of the work of the master craftsmen, and they now form the Club Card Rooms.

Through another door you are transported to Venice. You are now in Sir Rennell Rodd's late home—diplomatist and famous Ambassador. You see by the illustration that there is a unique mirrored ceiling. The furnishing of this room is correct in every detail, and there is a sixteenth-century copy of a Corregio on the wall which must be worth a lot of money. This room is used by the members as a private dining-room for small parties.

The Drawing Room of this house was decorated by Sir Rennell Rodd at great cost. It has a wonderful painted ceiling, and with its graphite fresco and imperial marble pillars, it recalls the splendour of the Vatican, the diplomatic atmosphere of a Cardinal's palace.

In No. 19, which at one time housed the German Athenæum Club, you can see some superb examples of the Adams Brothers' work—several ceilings of very fine and delicate workmanship. One of these rooms is used as a Ball Room where *Thé Dansants* are given.

On the ground floor you enter a quaint Old English Kitchen, with oak rafters and tables; the serving men are in Elizabethan costume, and in this room, up to 12 p.m. nightly, the male members of the Club can get grills—Old English fare—and foaming nut-brown ale.





Through a Glass Lightly.

The most notable feature of that "Sword of Damocles" which is supposed to be hanging over the nation's head is the first syllable of the owner's name.

"Quid Pro—!" It's the old story of the journalist. For some reason or another (usually some), the journalist is always supposed to belong to the real hard-uppians. That is an admitted hypothesis. Hence, this. He was one of the usual out-of-works, and met, in Fleet Street, one of the unusual prosperous ones. Prosperity

"Beware the Ides of March." We are pleased to announce that we have at last discovered the meaning of that admonition. "The 'Ides of March'" refers to thick-skinned tax-collectors.

The Boss.

A visitor who was made an affiliated member visited the local links and asked the steward to find a match for him. He didn't wish to join a foursome. He was himself of doubtful handicap and would like an opponent of similar propensities. The Steward introduced the visitor to a lonely sort of member who carried a ponderous waxed moustache in front of his face, and a stack of clubs on his shoulders that looked like the makings of a cantilever bridge. At the first tee, the nervous visitor, having "won the choice," was preparing to make an enormous record drive, when he turned to the lonely member and said, more or less affably: "Before we start we might as well know sort of who and what we are, as you might say. For myself, I'm a four man." The lonely member pulled his pompous self into position and, in a gruff, coarse (not course) voice declared: "Tut, tut; that's nothing. I'm an employer."

There is a new vogue in letter-writing. Instead of the old form of wishes and hopes, there is this new idea which speaks the spirit of the age. I have just received a letter ending up with: "I must now close, as it is 5.30, which is opening time in this village."

Hell-Fire.

An Irish priest was talking at large to a meagre congregation of sinners. And his theme was hell, its possibilities and its horrors. He had pictured a truly terrifying place of eternal fire such as not even a Welsh Nonconformist preacher could have dreamed of. It was a fire unquenchable and unappeasable. It was not for an age, but for all time. And so on. But to clinch the whole matter and to give his solemn word of the truth of it, he concluded with the traditionally Hibernian anti-climax: "Oi c'n tell ye, me brithers, that if ye poured all the waters of the Liffey, the Shannon, the Boyne, and even the Thames on to the foires of hell, it wud make no more difference than when yer 'Pp'tt' on a flat-iron."

The Scythe.

A barrister had finished his speech for the defence at a North-Country assize. The case was one of murder. Two hay-makers had quarrelled in the hay-field, and prisoner was alleged to have wielded his scythe with such dexterous intent as to bisect his companion, now deceased. The barrister's point in defence was that such a thing was impossible. The

jury, composed mainly of farmers and farm labourers, at the end of the speech for the defence, demanded that the implement should be produced in court. And then the jury retired. The barristers' robing-room was adjacent to the jury's room, and separated only by a thin wall. The worn-out barrister, who had spoken his soul away to keep his client from the rope, flung himself into a chair and wondered. Through the thin partition then came signs of movement, the muttering of many voices and the clatter of steel. Above all, two voices that spoke thus: "Aye lads, 'ere's t'scythe, an' whatever thee says like, Ah can show thee 'ow 'e done it. Gimme t'scythe, lad. See here!" There was a sudden "swish," when the jury foreman's voice shouted: "Aye, lad, put dam thing doon. There's enough of mischief done wi' that there a'ready."

One of those fellows who love introducing "clevah" people to his own rich and distinguished friends insisted on taking a comic paragraphist of a daily newspaper to a literary dinner at the house of a brainy Society woman. In the midst of coffee conversation, the introducer turned to the hostess and ingratiatingly exclaimed: "Oh, please do say something that my friend can repeat." The lady straightened her features superbly and returned with: "I beg your pardon, Sir; but do you mean to suggest that most of what I say is unrepeatable?"

A well-known author has offered—or rather threatened—to give his name as voucher for



A HOCKEY INTERNATIONAL MARRIES A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: MR. A. D. STOCKS AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MARGARET McKANE.

The marriage of Mr. A. D. Stocks, son of Canon Stocks, late Archdeacon of Leicester, and Mrs. Stocks, to Miss Margaret McKane, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McKane, took place at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road. The bridegroom is the famous International hockey-player, and the bride is almost equally well known in lawn-tennis circles. Miss K. McKane was her sister's only attendant, and Mr. John McKane gave his daughter away.

Photograph by C.N.

was at one time a colleague of Poverty's, but Prosperity was now an editor. So Poverty said to his old friend: "Hello, old thing; glad to see you've got a good job. By the way, though, you couldn't let me have a nimble Bradbury—just till Saturday week—could you?" The prosperous one thought of old days and reminded Mr. Poverty Hardup that some years ago, when they last met, he had made a similar demand, had got the sovereign, and promised on oath to return it on the following Saturday week. Poverty Hardup replied unflinchingly: "By Jove, old thing, you're right—dead right. But that was in 1914." "May have been," said the other; "I know it was before the war, and you swore you would pay it back, as you say now, on Saturday week." The indigent one, still unflinchingly, went on: "You're right again, old boy; but that was over six years ago, and comes, therefore, under the Statute of Limitations." So he got the quid.



MARRIED AT MARYLEBONE PARISH CHURCH: MAJOR B. J. M. BEBB AND LADY CARBERY.

The marriage of Major B. J. M. Bebb, late Royal Engineers (second son of the late Canon Llewellyn John Montfort Bebb, and Mrs. Bebb, of Lampeter, South Wales), to Lady Carbery, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Metcalfe, took place last week. The bride, who was given away by Colonel Humphrey Weinhold, wore a pale-pink georgette dress, with a girdle of Nattier blue bead embroideries, and a black velvet hat.

what happened to him at home the first evening he put on a velvet coat which he had purchased for next to nothing in the Lambeth Road. When his wife saw it, she exclaimed: "Well, if you can't write stories that sell, with that, Gawd help the women and children." SPFX.



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THERE are twenty beautiful Period Style "Vocalions" from which to choose. Each expresses distinctly and correctly the cabinetmaker's art of the historic period to which it belongs. They range from a simple, moderately priced, but dainty and tasteful Sheraton design to the more elaborate, more decorative cabinets of the Queen Anne and Chippendale Periods.

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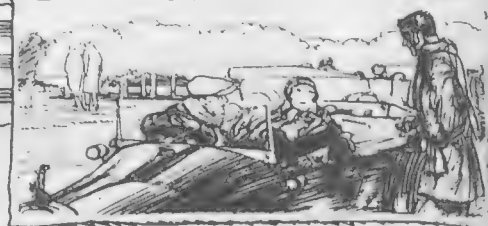
RECORD CATALOGUE AND BULLETINS, together with nearest Agent's name and address, will be sent free on application.



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Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



The Irish Auto Question.

I don't know whether it is because this (especially this year) is by way of being more or less the silly season in automobilism that much ink is suddenly being spilt over the Irish automobile situation and its future, which I touched upon lightly a fortnight ago. I have had every sympathy with the Irish motor trade as a whole for the last few years over the way it has been held up and war-

and give preference as heretofore, or whether they deal on the flat rate of free trade and we have to put a duty upon imports from Ireland, or whether possibly others may even be given preference over British auto manufacturers. Yet such lots of folk are glowing over things, spilling ink and wasting paper, with no facts to guide them; but the S.M.M.T. itself was most careful to insert a very wise and necessary proviso as to the proper treatment of British cars.

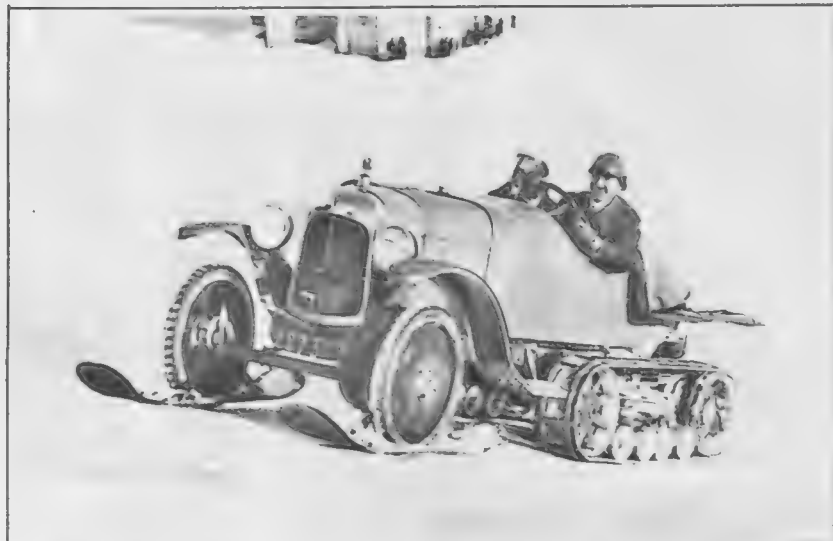
That Race in Ireland Again!

Then, again, the Irish motor trade not unnaturally wants to focus the light of the whole international automobile world upon itself by holding an international road race, as was done so successfully nearly twenty years ago, bringing in much shekels to the ever-distressful country. The Provisional Government has been sounded, and naturally adopts the Barkisian attitude of willingness,

as it means all lumps of meat with large bits of fat attached. However, I do not see why that same race (if it be organised by the controlling body in sport in this country as internationally established and recognised—the Royal Automobile Club) should not be held in this country itself. As I have written, the site is to hand and the advantages obvious; and all that is wanted is a short Act scrapping the old absurd and obsolete speed-limit, either temporarily or finally. Why send a good thing away which with a little push and energy could be kept at home, where the British public could see it and the British manufacturers profit by it? In Ireland it seems to me that they have first got to realise the responsibilities of liberty and get down to brass tacks instead of flying kites. And when you do read your *Times*, it all seems a bit premature, doesn't it?

The Sharries are Coming!

On every side there is talk of a big "sharry" boom to set in with the spring, or, say, from the famous First of April, when the second quarter of the licenses begins. I have little doubt myself that we shall have it in full measure and running over. Not only do I hear of large sharrybang orders placed with big firms, but in such a time of supreme slump, when everybody is selling everything to buy bread and to pay his income tax, even Dukes and profiteers are fast becoming reduced to this form of co-operative automobilism, with their own magnificent monsters sold for a song or laid up in dry dock in hope of a really economical Labour Ministry at an early date to husband the little left to them. I am afraid that it is only too true that this year will find many "quite nice people," as they say, compelled to sharry or to stay at home. And, mind you, good peoples, it is not so much the sharry in these days which is to blame as the folk who abuse it with their raucous singing and their beer-swilling propensities; and this year, like other classes who can't afford to do what they used to, they too will have to cut down their out-of-pocket expenses and pay more attention to their daily chores. As a matter of fact, the 1922 sharrybang at its best is going to prove a highly luxurious vehicle, with its longer tours organised upon better-class lines. The worst of such communal trips is that it takes only one or two unpleasant passengers to leaven the whole bunch; but I have often thought that it would be quite a merry and bright outing for a properly selected party of carefully chosen souls, all personally acquainted, to organise a week or ten days' trip upon a super-sharry. Unfortunately, at the same time, we are bound this year, as mere motorists, to find ourselves more and more pushed into the



THE MOTOR CATERPILLAR AT WORK ON THE SNOW: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM ANNECY.

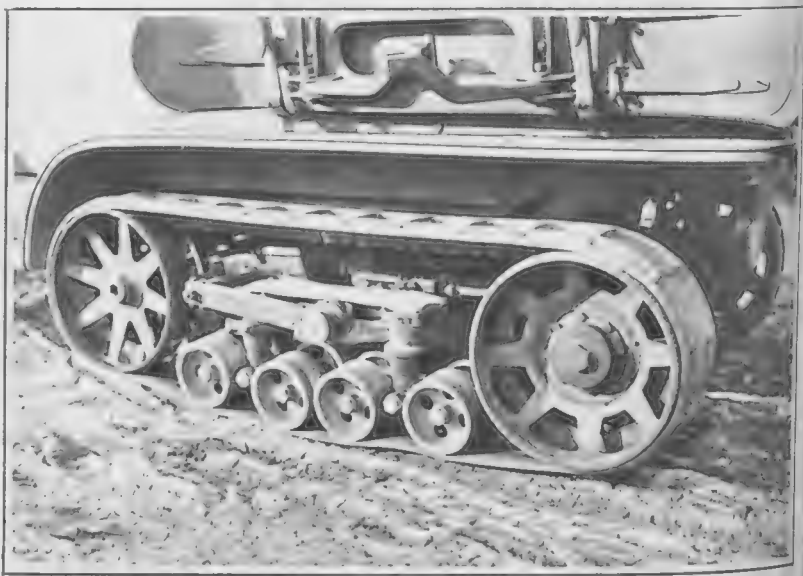
This photograph shows how the new cars for travelling across the snow look when in action. The sled-like runners on the front wheels should be noted, as well as the caterpillars at the back. M. Kegresse, the inventor, is in the car.

Photograph by T.P.A.

bound under unparalleled conditions, and I see great signs of its leaders simply bubbling to go over the trade top and get on to things again. Already some quite clever Irish propaganda work has been done over here as regards touring, trading, and racing; and meetings held over there to promote the lot and create a young automobile boom. However, I am not only one of those nasty selfish fellows who are rather inclined to advocate two-pennyworth of charity at home in these altruistic days (in which most other folk apparently believe in the reverse), but I simply regard the whole thing as premature and likely to meet with little serious response in present circumstances.

Hot Air.

God forbid that I should even appear to touch the fringe of politics, when they have developed upon every side into such a dirty game of "put-and-take" at the poor old country's expense; but it certainly seems to me that Ireland has not yet shown marked signs of a marvellous millennium, such as young cows cuddling up close to lions for warmth, and lambs taking the initiative in inviting wolves to dinner—possibly the reverse. I fear that, apart from any bitter feeling some folk with Irish connections may have, I, who have no Irish connections, would prefer things to simmer down a bit more before sallying forth upon a sheer joy-ride amongst people who apparently regard us far worse than most Britons regard a Hun—and far less amicably. Again, cutting out the mere joy-ride aspect as the cackle and getting on the 'osses of commerce, how can the Society of British Manufacturers collectively, or British manufacturers individually, recognise and support a show in Dublin until trading conditions have been clearly defined as to whether we have



FOR USE ON SNOW: A CITRÖEN CAR WITH HINSTIN-KEGRESSÉ CATERPILLAR.

Our photograph shows the Citroën model shown at the Annecy Exhibition for vehicles designed for use in the snow.—[Photograph by M. Rol.]

ditch by unwieldy monsters and inconsiderate and ignorant drivers, who know that you can't argue with brute force and blooming ignorance. My advice to private drivers, when the rush comes in the summer, is to avoid main roads, especially round the coast.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



Gowns for the Abbey.

Lovely indeed are the frocks that the notable artists in dress are creating for the privileged guests invited to Princess Mary's wedding. Many of them are of the three-

loose gold lace sleeves; the cloak to match is a marvel of fascinating drapery.

Trimmings of the Moment.

Beads, jet, sequin, and metal trimmings of every description are the order of the day. Many of the evening dresses are gleaming masses of beautifully worked beads; indeed, one of Princess Mary's trousseau frocks is entirely embroidered with nacre beads, and finished with a bead girdle. Jet chains, belts, and head-dresses are most fashionable, and some of the black lace frocks have the skirt or sleeves embroidered with jet or tiny black beads. Metal studs form a very pretty decoration for dance frocks and tailored costumes. A soft velour coat, ornamented with steel studs effecting a bold design, looks extremely well. A coat frock of gris souris gabardine

the hips, and the price is 7½ guineas. Mauve and blue net over satin form the skin of the second frock; the sleeveless corsage is composed of bead-embroidered net, cut pointed in front and square at the back. The price is also 7½ guineas. There are many other exclusive designs from 5½ guineas, and all these dance frocks can be copied in any colour.

Fascinating Head-dresses.

No evening frock is quite complete without a suitable head-dress, which gives it the finishing touch required. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have some delightful evening coiffures which blend gracefully with every kind of robe de soir, and can be worn by the young girl and her mother. One consists of a *torsade* of pearls and diamonds, with a fringe of these gems hanging over the ears; the price is 69s. 6d. Another—which would look lovely adorning a head of fair hair—is made in the shape of a little jet cap, and also has a hanging fringe of jet; the cost of this is 35s. 9d. Russian head-dresses are always favourites, and made of flat pearls and diamonds they are irresistible, and can be obtained for £4 5s. There are also beautiful double flanks of black paradise from £5 10s., and upstanding ruches of osprey in black and all colours. Paradise hat-brims are quite new, and very becoming; they cost 85s., and there is a large selection of ospreys and feather trimmings.

[Continued overleaf.]



Iridescent sequins ornament this charming dance frock of marquise over satin beauté. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

piece description, which, besides being practical, are very charming and becoming. The frock is often composed of a cunningly draped gown which has the semblance of real simplicity, and is held in place at the hips by some wonderful belt of mediæval magnificence. The material used is the softest of satin or brocade, and sometimes an exquisite metallic fabric with designs of gold and silver. The cloak, made of the same material as the gown, is draped, and here the dress-designer shows great skill in arranging the sleeves, which, although they appear voluminous, are never cumbersome. The twisted turban of Indian splendour is suitable for wearing with these gowns; but the larger hat, composed of lace or satin, looks equally well.

Black, White, and Metal.

Black and white frocks are very fashionable, and Lucile, Hanover Square, has created some lovely models. A shimmering dress of white satin, with abundant sleeves, is decorated with monkey fur, and the hat corresponding is of black satin with a fringe of monkey fur on the brim replacing the osprey. A black satin coat and skirt, elegantly outlined with white, is worn with a voluminous black cloak lined with pure white. Another frock, with a long satin corsage ornamented with jet, has a skirt of black lace, falling unevenly almost to the feet. This is worn with a coat of green-gold lamé, and a small jewelled turban. A beautiful gown, also suitable for the Abbey, is of dull yellow satin, fur-trimmed, with



Pearls and diamonds form the fascinating head-dress to the left; the one on the right is composed of jet, and both were sketched at Dickins and Jones'.

decorated with steel cunningly interwoven with silver threads, makes a striking costume. Some of the latest bell sleeves are comparatively plain on the outside, but the interior is embroidered with metal and vivid coloured silks.

Inexpensive Dance Frocks.

At one time an evening dress was supposed to last at least two seasons, but then fashion decreed that it should be made of velvet or some shade of satin that did not show the ravages of time—or dancing! The girl of to-day prefers lighter materials: filmy georgette, airy chiffon, and soft coloured tulle form most of her frocks; and, as they are cheaper to buy in the first place than the old-fashioned evening dress, she has the pleasure of renewing them often. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, have the most delightful dance frocks, quite inexpensive and really charming. The one sketched on this page is of pink marquise over satin beauté, ornamented with bands of iridescent sequins reaching from shoulder to hem. The belt is of pink and mauve satin ribbon draped loosely round



Olive Howard

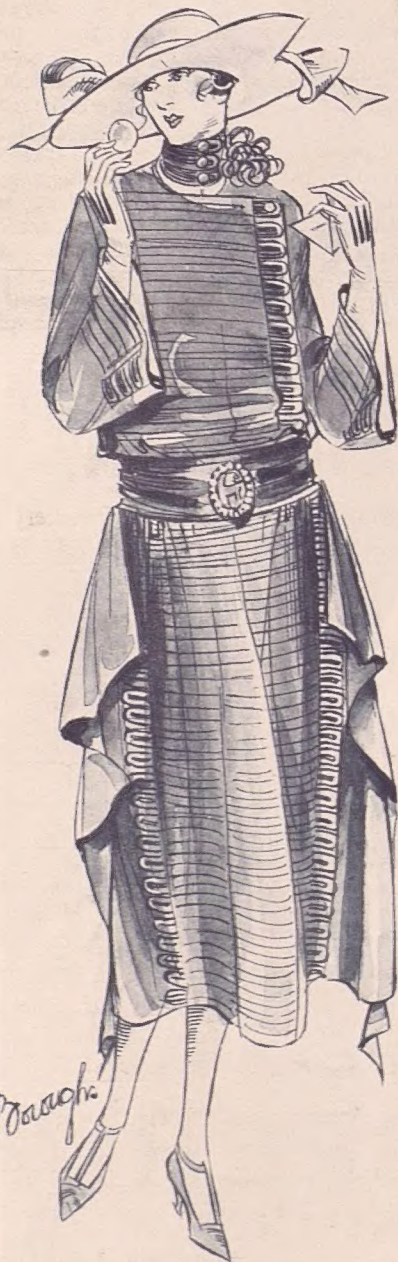
Mauve and blue net over satin make this delightful dance frock; the corsage is of bead-embroidered net, and it was sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.



Afternoon Gown in Crêpe Marocain, designed and executed by ETHYL, Suite 36, Regent House, 233, Regent Street, W.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Spring Frocks and Suits. Spring is coming, and with it the desire to replace our heavy winter coats with suits and frocks. H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, have a really wonderful selection to choose from, the artistic *tailleur* being one of the great features of their new models. The charming frock depicted on this page is of black crêpe marocaine decorated with ciré braid. It can be worn buttoned right up to the throat, or the large revers may be left open, leaving the fascinating little bands finished with a bunch of ciré ribbon round the neck. Note must be made of the floating panels which hang from shoulder to hem and are caught at the waist. Another tailored suit, with the graceful long-waisted line, is of putty-coloured material ornamented with bands of tiny pin tucks; the collar is upstanding, and when the coat is left open,



Black crêpe marocaine and ciré braid make this elegant frock, designed and carried out by H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street.

little pin tucks appear on the inside also. A suit of navy blue material is trimmed with white wool galon, which lends it a particularly youthful air. One three-piece model is of plain face cloth and a plaid of a contrasting colour, which produces a very new and pleasing effect; but as it is impossible to describe all these delightful suits, a visit to 114, Regent Street becomes a necessity.



A perfectly tailored shirt, and its name is "Badminton."

Taffetas and Washing Silk Frocks.

Black taffetas embroidered with little bunches of flowers is employed to make the frock sketched on this page, and Harrods, Knightsbridge, are responsible for its creation. It slips on over the head, and the fullness is held at the sides by long ties that can be tightened or loosened at will; the price is only 90s., and it can be obtained in the inexpensive department. Washing silk frocks are indispensable for summer wear, and Harrods are showing a variety of these dresses in all shapes and colours. This heavy striped silk washes beautifully, and delightful frocks can be obtained from 49s. 6d. Coat-frocks—such useful garments—are to be very fashionable this spring, and there is a charming model in navy blue gabardine embroidered with silver for 59s. 6d. Another is of gabardine and satin, the large bell sleeves being of satin, and the corsage and skirt of gabardine; the latter is beautifully embroidered with silk, and the price is 6½ guineas. Navy-blue gabardine ornamented with grey beads which form a large plaid is also very delightful.

The "Badminton" A perfectly tailored shirt should always be one of the standard garments in a woman's wardrobe, and the "Badminton" shirt meets this requirement in every way. Beautifully cut and finished, it is ideal for the country or sports, and is unequalled for wearing with a tailor-made costume. The "Badminton" shirt is made in a great variety of styles and materials, with high or open necks. The example sketched on this page is of striped voile; but Japanese silk, crêpe-de-Chine, naturel schappe, and pure Irish linen are also used. Plain crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with striped crêpe is smart, and there is a large choice of these shirts in the most delicate colours. The "Badminton" is sold by all drapers; but if there should be any difficulty in procuring it, write to the manufacturers, E. and H. Tidswell and Co., 15, New Union Street, London, and they will help you.

Perfect Silk Fabrics.

The success of a carefully studied gown depends as much on the material of which it is made as on the clever fingers of its designer. Fineness of texture and beauty of colour are two great points, and J. H. Lyons, 3, Prince's Street, Hanover Square, have brought both these features to perfection. Their tissues are unrivalled; and the range of

colours in satin beauté, georgette, and many other materials is so great that it is impossible to think of a shade that they are not able to supply. When ordering a new frock, ask your *couturière* to show you one of J. H. Lyons's "bunches," and you will notice the quality of these silks and the wonderful variety of shades.

To Retain Youthful Beauty.

The art of keeping young and cultivating the beauty that nature has given to everyone—more or less—appeals to all women. Many, however, do not know how to set about this, and therefore allow the marks of Time—and, alas! worry—to mar their faces. But lines can be smoothed away and hollows filled by the help of Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, for many years ago she introduced the Ganesh Eastern muscle-developing oil, which is wonderful. This oil reaches the muscles, restores and feeds them, keeping the skin in a healthy condition. A large bottle, sufficient for one year, costs £1 1s. 6d., and a sample bottle can be obtained for 5s. 6d. The treatment of the eyes is a specialty, and here again the Ganesh oil lures away the lines; while the electric battery treatment, which circulates the blood in the head, removes the tired look and makes them fresh and bright. The Ganesh chin-strap, for lifting the face back into position and removing the double chin, is most



This charming afternoon frock of black taffetas ornamented with tiny bunches of coloured flowers was sketched at Harrods's.

beneficial, and everyone should write for Mrs. Adair's booklet, which gives many details, and is interesting and enlightening.